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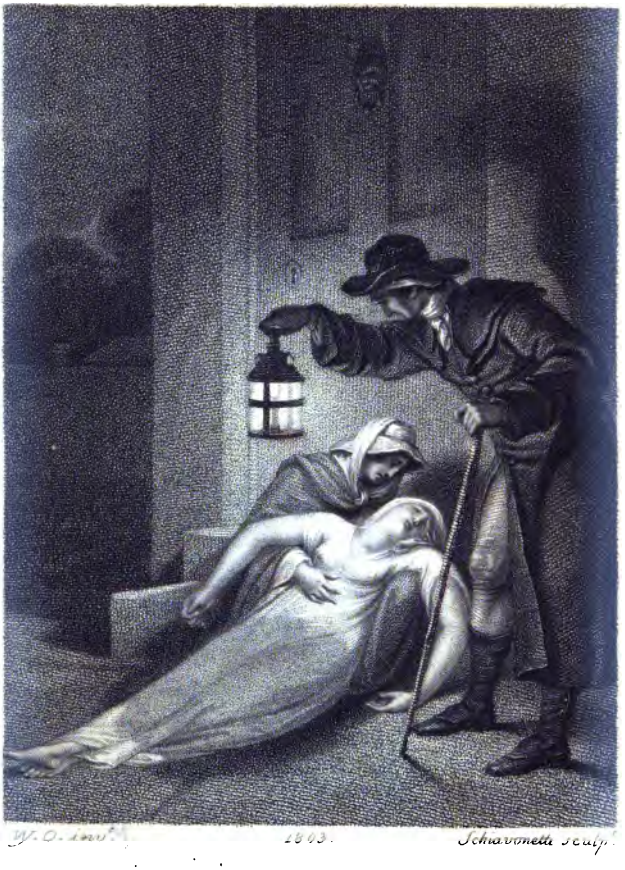

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And devoted humble Servant,

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TO THE AUTHOR
OF
THE MAN OF FEELING.

Too oft, where tow'ring Genius lends its ray,
And glowing Fancy takes its flow'ry way;
Where nice Expression too, fulfils its part,
And guides each well-wrought image to the heart;
While rapt'rous thought the reader may inspire,
And his eye kindles with a borrow'd fire;
Strange to reveal! the coldest heart may dwell
In him whose eloquence describes so well.

TO THE MEMORY OF

A YOUNG WOMAN,

Found dead in St. George's Fields.

UNHAPPY Daughter of distress and woe!
Whate'er thy sorrows, and whoe'er thou art;
For thee the tear of Charity shall flow,
Warm from the purest fountains of the heart.

Perhaps, though now neglected and unknown,
A parent once beheld thee with delight!
The darling of a Father's heart alone,
Or the lov'd object of a Mother's sight.

For thee, perhaps, they watch'd, and toil'd, and
pray'd;
O'er thy sweet innocence with rapture hung;
And well they thought their tend'rest care repaid,
To hear the artless music of thy tongue.

When dawning Reason shed its ray benign,
And all thy excellence became reveal'd;
How did they see thy op'ning virtues shine,
And hear thy praise with transports ill conceal'd!

For who, alas! can tell thy secret worth?
What soft angelic virtues might appear—
The bosom laid defenceless on the earth,
Might once be grateful, gen'rous, and sincere!

Those lips that knew no friend to bid farewell,
Might once the noblest sentiments express!
The wretched head, that unsupported fell,
Might once be turn'd to stories of distress.

Some base deceiver, practis'd to betray,
Might win thy easy faith — destroy thy fame;
Then cast thee "like a loathsome weed away,"
The sport of fortune, and the child of shame.

Poor wanderer! perhaps thou cou'dst not find
One lib'ral hand, the slender gift to spare;
Insatiate avarice the soul confin'd,
Or timid prudence disbeliev'd thy prayer.

Then from the world, despairing and forlorn —
Careless of life, and hopeless of relief —

Thy agonizing heart, retir'd to mourn,
And breathe its last—in unmolested grief.

Whate'er thy lot has been—unhappy Shade!
From sin, at last, and sorrow thou art free;
Thy debt to Virtue, sure is amply paid,
And weeping Pity pays her debt to thee!

INVOCATION

TO THE DEITY.

Oh Thou! whose dazzling Glory dims our sight!
Bright Origin of pure Immortal Light!
All-wise and Good, and Gracious as thou art—
Oh penetrate this cold, unfeeling heart!
Its feeble hopes, its grov'ling cares refine,
And kindle all its pow'rs with Love Divine!
Its ardent zeal from earthly objects free,
And teach that virtue which aspires to Thee!
Oh! lead me to the spot, where Faith secure,
To Heaven's bright region lifts its eye so pure;
Where holy Hope, in heav'nly charms array'd,
Beholds, unmov'd, these earthly glories fade;

And Charity herself, of matchless mien,
Casts her soft eye, benignant, o'er the scene.
Oh Charity! thou dear, Immortal Guest!
Whose charms shall glow when Truth absorbs the rest.
Oh Thou! whose matchless zeal supplied our loss,
Whose sacred Image bled upon the Cross!
For Sinners, THERE, the dying gasp sustain'd,
Which Love alone — Almighty Love ordain'd!
Oh Thou! supremely felt in Heaven alone,
And feebly HERE conceiv'd, and faintly known!
One gracious spark—than life, than light more dear!
Oh! lend soft Charity! my soul to cheer!
Teach me that Good, which all things can subdue;
The world's vain pride, the spells of darkness too!
Which nobly trusts — which feels not — thinks not sin —
But gilds all objects from the light within:

From Thee alone, shall blasted joy revive,
And ev'n the child of woe his griefs survive.
Oh! guide my thoughts! supply my heartfelt cares,
And bless the offering of my feeble prayers;
Vain is their incense, till thy precious balm,
The ruthless passions of the soul shall calm:
Stung with revenge, with fierce and cruel hate,
Or envy torn, it feels its wretched state!
The tortur'd soul, not Heaven itself cou'd share,
But pois'nous guilt wou'd mar the blessing there.
Oh Thou! whose mercy can alone release
The wretched slave, and give his sorrows peace!
Oh thou! whose piercing eye no slumber knows,
Who thought shall never reach, nor tongue disclose!
Oh! penetrate my Soul! its pow'rs renew!
Egyptian Night conceals Thee from my view;
Raise it from earth—exalt its trembling wing;
In vain, alas! to nobler Realms 'twould spring:

By earth enslav'd, it feels its galling chain,
And soars to brighter Realms, but soars in vain!
Yet do I know, tho' error clouds my sight,
My blest Redeemer lives in Realms of Light!
Almighty Grace shall aid our humble pray'rs;
And those His love redeem'd—that mercy spares!
And oh! when Death its empire shall resign,
Whose darkness ushers in a morn Divine,
Th' astonish'd soul from bondage shall be free'd,
And find its Saviour's Gift WAS LIFE INDEED.

Oh! lead me to that pure Immortal Scene!
Tho' pain, though death, tho' sorrows intervene;
Still may I clasp them to my tim'rous breast,
Those faithful guides to Everlasting Rest;
And view the transient scene with equal eyes,
To gain my only Treasure in the Skies.

ON THE

DEATH OF MISS B******

PERMIT, dear Shade! a stranger to intrude,
And o'er thy Tomb to shed a virtuous tear,
Who once thy face, with admiration view'd,
And saw the heav'nly virtues beaming there!
Sure thy sweet spirit took its early flight—
Heav'n snatch'd its Fav'rite from each weeping eye!
Lest pleasures vain, shou'd blot its native white,
Or folly bar its passage to the Sky!
Then had lamenting Virtue heav'd a groan,
Fair Innocence deplor'd, the change to see;
Thy doating friends a sharper grief had known,
And tears, now selfish—then had flow'd for THEE.

THE

HAMADRYAD's PETITION.

(In Imitation of Mrs. CARTER)

If ere thy gentle Muse was bred
In gay Parnassus' height,
And there beheld Apollo shed
His beams of orient light;

If ere the rural sweets of Morn,
Inspired thy gentle care;
Oh hear a HAMADRY'D forlorn,
Who now prefers her pray'r!

Oppress'd she comes, with many a wrong,
And fears of deep dismay;
For Tyrant pow'r has mark'd too long
Her desolated way.

Ah me! — how sad a change is here!
Her weeping eyes must view;
And oh! what chasms now appear,
Where late her kindred grew!

She sees them fall by ruthless Rage:
'Twould sure a stone provoke!
Nor graceful form, nor tender age,
Averts the barb'rous stroke.

Ah me! no more the blooming Spring,
Their native charms shall wake;

Nor birds the vocal tribute bring,
Their shelter to partake.

Alas! their friendly aid no more
Shall bless the weary swain,
And rustic rhet'ric shall deplore
The friend he p.iz'd, in vain!

The aged trav'ller too, shall mourn,
The dismal waste to see;
And many a gentle nymph forlorn,
Shall grieve and sigh with me!

Nor songster now, nor sweet repose,
Shall sooth the toil that's past;
And where's the shelter Mis'ry knows
To shield the northern blast?

Oh tyrant Man! then spare thy rage,
A pitying ear incline!
Since artless Youth, and weary Age,
Shall blend their tears with mine!

And peaceful Contemplation dear,
Which lonely loves to stray,
With Truth, and Sympathy sincere,
Shall miss me on their way.

Alas! 'tis vain—a dismal fate
My rustling boughs foretell—
Perchance, ere yet to-morrow's date,
The Raven screams my knell!

Yet oh! reveng'd my wrongs shall be!
Some muse with gen'rous aim,

My right to justice shall decree,
And vindicate my fame.

Perchance its soft resistless grace,
Ev'n Vengeance shall subdue;
And he who saves my hapless race,
Shall feel the blessing too.

Honours shall fade, and pleasures shall decay,
And riches make them "wings to fly away;"
But thine to Heav'n shall take an eagle's flight,
And trace thy passage to the Realms of Light.

ON

READING SOME LINES IN PRAISE OF

INDIFFERENCE.

O DISMAL vacancy of heart!
Poor recompence! to feel no smart!
The world has trash, with all its treasure,
And give up Pain, you give up Pleasure.
Oh what a wretch, forlorn, is he,
Who boasts Insensibility!
A wretch, indeed! — to envy born? —
No! — to our wonder and our scorn!
Nor let that pity be forgot, —
He is disgrac'd in feeling not!

REFLECTIONS

IN

A STARLIGHT NIGHT.

How glorious now doth all the scene appear;
How bright the ev'ning, and the sky how clear!
A silence deep and solemn dwells around;
Now ceases Clamour her tumultuous sound!
Now sleeps the Peasant in his homely cot,
His toils, fatigues, and hardships, all forgot:
He tastes that rest which industry procures,
And which the bed of down in vain allures.
Now rack'd with pain, the guilty wretch remains
Awake, alone, to agonizing pains:

In Nature's works, he stands, a fearful blot,
And oh! her sweet repose shall reach him not!
If o'er his sense one transient slumber steals,
Some hideous woe his frighted fancy feels:
Perchance, to pointed rocks or desarts led,
He views the tempest blacken round his head;
Or cast into the deep's expanded jaws,
With struggles faint, his parting breath he draws;
Or in some dungeon, horrible, confin'd,
A thousand ghastly phantoms scare his mind.
"O touch me not," he cries, "Aveng'd thou art!
"Behold the dagger in my bleeding heart;
"Cast not those sad reproachful looks on me;
"Thou cou'dst not feel what I have felt for thee!"
Then wakes—starts up—yet still finds no relief,
But true despair for visionary grief.—
Oh happy he, whom Virtue doth secure,
Whose spotless soul is like the heav'ns pure!

Thrice happy he, that never knew deceit,
Or felt his heart with one rude passion beat;
Whose passions mildly agitate his soul,
Like gentle gales, but ne'er tempestuous roll;
Whose reason is the pilot to his way,
Guided by Truth's divine, eternal ray!
His slumbers shall be sweet, tho' tempests rise,
And the black deep shall meet the rattling skies!
Who makes it calm WITHIN, has ne'er a doubt,
Nor fears the storm that threatens from WITHOUT.
The guiltless breast, the Pow'rs above will thank,
And dream of Happiness — upon a plank!

Thou mighty Pow'r! from whom all causes spring;
Thou fountain head of ALL, and Nature's King!
That with one word did make those Stars — this Ball,
And with a word shall make those stars to fall!

Who form'd all objects—Darkness, Night and
Day;
And at whose frown they all shall melt away!
Oh give me Grace, thy righteous will to do;
Give me a heart that's pious, just, and true!
Thy gracious Spirit to my soul impart—
Teach me to praise Thee, glorious as Thou art!
So shall my slumbers unmolested be,
And sweet security descend from THEE!

To LORD B*****

ON HOPES OF HIS RECOVERY, AFTER BEING DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED IN A DUEL.

SINCE still the vital flame is left to burn,
And life's gay flatt'ring prospects to return;
Oh! may the hours of pain a blessing prove,
And Custom's fatal prejudice remove.
Pain, that recalls faint Reason in her flight—
Displays fair Truth in all her dazzling light—
Expels proud Passion—clears the mind's deceit,
And shews 'tis oft its own most dangerous cheat.
Oh! may it check the ardour of thy Soul,
Where vile Revenge, the mask of Honour, stole.
Oh may it teach thee where true Valour lives:
It scorns the insult that it never gives!
And heedless of the vain vindictive throng,
True Honour stoops not to a private wrong.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MY BROTHER

MARCELLUS.

Receive the tribute due, beloved youth!
A Friend — a Sister's heartfelt tears receive;
Thy soul was all benevolence and truth,
And fill'd with virtues others scarce conceive.

How, with that graceful unaffected air,
Adorn'd with soft complacency and ease;
How wou'dst thou charm, with what assiduous care,
The old, the young—the rough, the gentle please!

Alas! no more — for ever — ever torn,
From ev'ry tender wish and hope remov'd;
Night overtook thee in thy early morn —
In vain admir'd, esteem'd, and most belov'd!

Oh! we have lost thee — lost thee — ev'n deny'd
The dismal comfort of a last farewell!
And thou — no one to sorrow by thy side,
Nor weep to hear thy melancholy knell.

Yes! tho' no Parent — no Relation near,
To melt with grief upon the dreadful spot,
Sure some kind eye supply'd a gen'rous tear;
For who ere knew thee, and yet lov'd thee not?

Tho' in a distant, and a foreign land,
Some virtuous heart did sure to grief incline;

Some speechless friend did press thy clay cold hand,
And give thee tears, tho' not such tears as mine.

Oh! can I bear to think upon those hours
Of friendly converse we've together known?
Acute Remembrance! with thy active pow'rs,
O leave a heart that is not form'd of stone.

Call not to fancy the engaging youth;
Call not his presence to the mental eye!
Ah! point not newly the distracting truth—
Ah! keen remembrance with MARCELLUS die!

Yet must I think, tho' anguish fill my breast,
Yet must I think, for ever think on thee;
How good thou wert, with what perfections blest—
How kind, how just, how generous and free!

Yes! — I'll indulge the luxury of woe;
Fancy thy darling image shall retain—
Fancy again that pleasing form shall shew,
And give a Brother to my heart again!

I'll run o'er ev'ry grace that did prevail,
The noble feelings that once warm'd thy breast;
And when the feeble pow'rs of language fail,
Let tears and moving silence speak the rest.

CHARITY AND HYPOCRISY.

A FABLE.

As CHARITY, the other day,
Unheeded took her secret way;
Her face was mask'd, her air serene—
She stole so softly o'er the green,
No human creature cou'd have heard her;
Even malice wou'd have thought her further.
Cautious of treach'ry seem'd the maid,
Of her own shadow half afraid;
She often look'd behind her too,
That none her footsteps might pursue.

Thus as she walk'd with cautious feet,
Hypocrisy she chanc'd to meet,
Who wore a face so like her own,
The difference cou'd scarce be known.

" What dost thou mean? why take my form?
(Says Charity with anger warm)
" Oh thou! for whom I'm in disgrace,
" Why dost thou cheat the human race?
" No open vice cou'd ever be
" So hurtful to my cause as thee."

" Perfidious Wretch!" replied the cheat—
" Cease these invectives of deceit;
" Appeal to all the world around;
" Am not I still with honour crown'd?
" Does not the gen'ral voice proclaim,
" And recompence my worth with fame?

" Why art thou here — unknown — neglected!
" But thy imposture is detected!
" 'Tis thine my graceful air to ape;
" I prithee chuse some other shape!
" See Folly here — to her appeal —
" Thy spiteful tricks she'll soon reveal."

Truth chanc'd to pass that moment by,
She view'd them with a doubtful eye;
So like they seem'd, — she did not know
Her friend from her invet'rate foe:
But hearing their dispute, she said,
" Come let me now the judge be made;
" Unprejudic'd I'll give my oath,
" And do right justice on ye both,
" But first, I've got a piece of news,
" Which ev'ry greedy ear pursues:

" A friend there is to one of you—
" DAMON the gen'rous, and the true;
" The frank, the honest, and the just!
" Our Damon has betray'd his trust!
" Has robb'd his friend—ungrateful swain!—
" A sordid woman's heart to gain.
" Damon my name doth disavow;
" Ah say, who can be trusted now?
" What punishment doth he deserve,
" Who from our laws like him can swerve?
" Can sink at once—can sink so low!
" For such a wretch can pity flow?"

Hypocrisy exclaims aloud—
" Perfidious, interested crowd!
" No faith—no honour to be found!
" 'Tis all rank treachery around.

" What punishment? — Eternal shame
" And infamy attend his name!
" May daggers pierce his faithless heart,
" And hell be felt in ev'ry part!
" Death, racks and tortures, are his due,
" And these are much too gentle too.
" Oh wretch! whom no excuse shou'd save!
" Indeed, I thought I saw the knave:
" I thought, thro' all that specious smile,
" I saw a soul completely vile;
" I thought along, 'twas all pretence:
" All that profusion and expence,
" Was but to gratify the pride
" His arts from me cou'd never hide.
" For all his name was so preferr'd,
" Upon my life, I never heard
" One act of charity he did;
" They say his charities were hid —

" A praise we justly may give to 'em,
" When not one creature ever knew 'em."

" Enough!" said Truth, and turn'd away,
To hear what Charity wou'd say:
But she, not prone to be severe,
Cou'd only answer, with a tear!

" 'Tis plain," said Folly, in a heat,
" That's the impostor — that's the cheat!
" 'Tis plain — she's not a word to say;
" Come, let us drive the wretch away."

" And dost thou raise thy abject head?
(Superior Truth, indignant said)
" Thou'rt FOLLY, tawdry wretch, I see —
" For know from TRUTH — THAT'S CHARITY."

CELIA.

A SOLILOQUY OF OTHER TIMES.

THE clock had struck — the wish'd-for hour was past,
And many a longing look had CELIA cast:
The scanty ringlets o'er her shoulders flow'd —
No more her head sustain'd the pleasing load;
No more the curls, in tow'ring heaps aspir'd,
Nor vain delusive hopes her bosom fir'd.
The treach'rous Frizeur had forgot the time,—
And what cou'd ere excuse so black a crime?
The hopeless CELIA, on a couch reclin'd,
Thus spoke the tortures of her restless mind: —

"Unhappy day!" she cried, "that he shou'd miss—

A base deceiver! — on a day like this!
A day, on which I hoped to shine confest,
The envied mistress of LOTHARIO's breast.
Thou matchless garment! which in grief I see,
Where are the triumphs I atchieve in thee?
That edifice, I form'd with so much care;
And now, I view with anguish and despair,
Those waving plumes, of variegated dyes,
Those flow'rs my industry has taught to rise;
Those ribbons that affect the golden ray,
And all prepar'd for this important day!
How shall my aching eyes support the sight?
Hide them, oh BETTY! in the darkest night;
And leave thy mistress to that piercing woe,
Which vulgar souls, like thine, shall never know.

"Tormenting thought! Intolerable grief!
Which seeks for tears, but ne'er can find relief.
Shall CYNTHIA then! (Oh most tormenting thought!)
Enslave those hearts my beauty shou'd have caught?
Why does the glowing red my cheeks adorn,
While these deserted tresses hang forlorn?
Why do my eyes display their killing fire,
When none, alas! are present to admire?
When none, alas! are present to repine,
And own their meaner charms must yield to mine.
Now will SEMANTHE glory in my fall,
And shew her visage, like a painted wall!—
One fatal night, my labours shall undo;
The gay PHILANDER may forget me too!
Forget his tender sighs—the oaths he swore—
And wretched CELIA be his flame no more.

Another now may flirt the conscious fan,
And hear the vows of that perfidious man:
Mere empty vows! that ne'er express'd a flame,
Or touch'd the heart, from whence he said they
came;
For men are false, deceitful, and unjust—
Where is the constancy a nymph may trust?
She who retires, by cruel fate condemn'd,
Submits to rivals that she once contemn'd:
Ah! did I ever think, or once foresee,
That dire necessity reserv'd for me?

Oh false Frizerio; like thy sex thou art!
'Tis thy neglect, alone, has reach'd my heart:
How shou'd a constant lover meet our view,
When e'en thy int'rest cou'd not keep thee true?
How cou'd we hope that honour shou'd prevail,
When selfish schemes and golden prospects fail?"

But hark, he comes!—the powder'd beau appears!
Transported CELIA dries her artless tears.
Now all is joy and flutter, noise and haste,
And BETTY seeks the magazine of taste:
Soon is the fabric built, with nicest care,
With pins and powder, paste and borrow'd hair;
Next must the plume, its graceful aid impart,
Till Nature wonders at the work of Art!
And all must own, as simp'ring BETTY told her,
No nymph cou'd equal—and no coach could hold
her.

VERSES

On CAPRICE.

Caprice! thou mimic of Opinion!
Whence is thy absolute dominion?
With all the noise we make about thee,
There is no living here without thee.
How many schemes to thee are owing,
From whence there's no advantage flowing?
Nay, even in a lucky season,
Shou'd skittish Fancy bow to Reason—
Shou'd she contrive some fairy palace,
That's inaccessible to malice,

Where ev'ry pleasure was uniting—
All that's luxuriant and inviting;
Then wou'dst thou come, an envious spright,
To haunt the mansion of delight;
Thy baleful presence, past expressing,
Would poison each distinguish'd blessing:
And such a gloom thou wou'dst dispense.
The swain who rears his cottage fence,
Or gaily whistles o'er the plain—
The meanest of the rustic train!
Is happier in his humble lot;
For oh, Caprice! he knows thee not!
Thy doubts, perplexities, and fears,
Have never reach'd his wond'ring ears:
And yet, perhaps, the village maid,
To whom his constant vows are paid,
Has caus'd him many an anxious doubt,
Where courtiers wou'd have found thee out.

When artful STREPHON gain'd a smile,
How did thy spirits sink the while!
That gaudy ribbon for her hair,
That's plac'd with such becoming care;
Some toy, perhaps, that heart might soften,
Which thou hast tried, poor swain, so often.
Oh vile Caprice! thou friend to art!
Thou narrow passage to the heart:
Oh thou, whom chance alone can hit,
Nor grace, nor elegance, nor wit;
Shall Love, that pure exalted passion,
Which triumphs o'er the laws of fashion—
Despotic, generous, and free!
Shall haughty Love submit to Thee?
Friendship, that ever precious flame,
Which ev'n with reverence I name;
That gentle balm to wounded peace!
Shall Friendship yield to vile Caprice?

And all its soft endearing pow'r,
Pass — like a dissipated hour?
Alas! 'tis what Experience teaches,
The keenest monitor that preaches:
The sacred truths that she imparts,
Are stamp'd for ever on our hearts;
They're written — not to cold opinion —
But where our feelings have dominion;
And from each stroke of silent sorrow,
A nameless energy they borrow.

But stop, my rambling muse, I pray,
Lest headstrong Fancy lose her way;
But where, O Fancy, can we send thee,
Where wild Caprice will not attend thee?
Caprice — the friend of all digression;
She loves a freedom of expression,

And often sees a grace prevailing,
Where careful critics spy a failing.
Oh! did she sit in judgment HERE,*
The muse might then have less to fear;
The conscious verse she did inspire,
Though cold in all poetic fire,
Might win the prize of transient glory,
And wond'ring bards might tell the story.

* The Committee at Bath-Easton.

LINES ON WIT.

WRITTEN AT SCHOOL.

Wit is an excellence, we find,
Too oft when Malice clouds the mind,
Or Pride or Vanity molests
The sweet composure of our breasts.

Wit seldom shines, with lustre bright,
Till sacred Truth withdraws her light —
Denies her more benignant spark,
And Common Sense is in the dark.

'Tis thus, when stormy winds arise,
And tempests blacken all the skies,
Keen lightnings dart a poignant ray,
And doom th' unguarded for their prey.

ON

WISHES.

With eye unmoisten'd, and with rigid mien,
Philosophy may boast its Stoic part,
But more enlighten'd Wisdom ne'er was seen,
To chill the virtuous feelings of the heart.

And who each soft emotion wou'd forego,
Or lose the luxury of a tender thought,
For all that cold Indiff'rence can bestow—
For all that pompous Learning ever taught?

Through busy Life, in all its changeful round,
Some secret wish its empire will assume:
'Mid noisy Mirth, shall heave the sigh profound,
And steal thro' Contemplation's thickest gloom.

Ev'n in that hour, when Death shall claim his prize,
And Nature's tend'rest union shall invade,
And ev'n those softer, more endearing ties,
By choice, by sympathy and virtue made!

In that dread hour, when summon'd to depart,
Some trembling wish the spirit shall detain,
Some darling image still shall warm the heart,
And strive to keep its precious hold in vain!

Thus the poor Miser, shipwreck'd and forlorn,
Whilst grim destruction howls in ev'ry blast,

From Hope—from Life!—from years of comfort torn,
Grasps his beloved treasure to the last!

Thus wretched CARLOS, in the fatal scene,
Decreed by fate and barb'rous PHILIP's pride,*
Held the fair image of his much-lov'd queen,
And view'd the dear resemblance till he died.

Ah! who shall say the scene is clos'd on earth,
And Heav'n HERE marks its fav'rites by success,
When Guilt oft triumphs o'er ingenuous Worth,
And Virtue oft must languish in distress?

* Don CARLOS, son of PHILIP the Second, King of Spain, condemned to death by his father's jealousy.

Think not the wish that suff'ring Patience frames,
Or ev'n that helpless Pity shall bestow,
Nor the loud wish that Gratitude proclaims,
Or one benignant spark in vain shall glow.

The gen'rous wish, that Fortune here denies,
The wish of true disinterested Love,
Shall mount like purer essence to the skies,
And swell th' Immortal Registers Above!

HORATIO AND AMANDA.

A POEM.

FOUNDED UPON A REAL FACT AT THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY, AND RELATED IN THE ADVENTURER.

HORATIO AND AMANDA.

A POEM.

SEQUESTER'D in a verdant rich retreat,
Where lavish Nature pour'd forth ev'ry sweet,
Where Summer with unusual beauty glow'd,
And golden Autumn all her fruits bestow'd;
HORATIO and AMANDA — matchless pair!
Retir'd from pleasures they disdain'd to share:
The joys of dissipation seem'd to them,
Something as much to pity as condemn;
Their souls for nobler happiness were form'd,
Benevolence and Love their bosoms warm'd.

Benevolence no secret view directs,
That wins the praise it modestly rejects.
Love, that Esteem had nourish'd from its root,
And bore the tend'rest Friendship for its fruit;
Love, that heal'd ev'ry care BUT ONE—to part!
And made each circumstance engage the heart.

Nature with wond'rous skill her part had done,
And mark'd HORATIO for her fav'rite son;
She gave him that insinuating air,
Which art can never teach nor words declare;
She gave him that intelligence of eye,
Whose silent force might eloquence supply:
Yet humble, soft, sincere!—the gay, the meek,
Wou'd gladly all unite to hear him speak.
He gave a confidence to modest worth—
Gave life and energy to decent mirth;

And join'd with dignity, such native ease,
He now seem'd form'd to rule—and now to please.

AMANDA shone in ev'ry female grace,
And beauty reign'd unconscious in her face.
The gentlest look — the most bewitching air —
A smile, beyond description or compare;
Simplicity, not always known to youth,
And the pure accents of unsullied truth: —
These were AMANDA's. In her spotless mind
Set Pity, Love, and Innocence combin'd;
Malice and Envy, long in vain had sought
To gain one selfish, one injurious thought:
HORATIO all her earthly care supply'd,
Nor cou'd the world have drawn her from his side;
To see his brilliant eye express delight,
Was more than Summer to AMANDA's sight;

To walk with him had made a desart gay,
And smooth'd the steep and rugged mountain's way;
To hear him talk, such rapture 'twou'd confer,
'Twas more than ev'n the Nightingale to her!

Ah sweet AMANDA! see the moment near,
When this enchanting scene must disappear,
When this tranquility shall take its flight,
And leave the horrors of tremendous night!
Thy timid soul, a poignant grief must prove,
And Patience find a shield for coward Love!
'Tis Honour calls HORATIO to the camp,
And shall thy fears his rising ardour damp!
No!—Soft AMANDA ev'ry pang supprest,
And check'd the sigh which struggled in her breast.
But could she from her much-lov'd Soldier part,
And bear in solitude a widow'd heart?

Oh could she bear to range those meads alone,
Where oft his charming converse she had known?
Oh could she bear to think the barb'rous foe
Might deal the dire irrevocable blow,
Might wound the fearless bosom she ador'd,
Where all her treasure, all her hope was stor'd;
And strangers shou'd the healing balm apply,
With rough attention, and unmoisten'd eye?

"Ah no!" she cried, "AMANDA shall attend
"Her Love, her Lord! her Husband, and her
"Friend!
"AMANDA'S hand shall dress thee for the fight;
"Her cares shall soften thy fatigue at night.
"Shall she in danger quit thy much-lov'd side,
"To ev'ry care as well as joy allied?
"Cou'dst thou my heart's remotest dwelling see,
"All climes—all places are the same WITH THEE.

" Ah, dear HORATIO! trust my truth in this;
" I'd rather share thy danger than thy bliss!
" And could'st thou one, and only one impart,
" I'd cherish half thy sorrows in my heart."

In vain the youth repress her tender zeal,
And told her all the horrors she must feel;
How would the tumult fright her gentle ear,
Unus'd the solemn din of war to hear!
But now that tongue, accustom'd to prevail,
Found all its pow'rs of elocution fail;
That eloquence, which never fail'd before,
Preserves its magic influence no more!
In vain each care, and each fatigue is shewn,
Whilst all her care is fix'd on him alone.
She pray'd — she wept! — at length her wish obtain'd;
They left the blest retreat where pleasure reign'd.

AMANDA oft the trickling sorrows hid,
For Love will feign that ease it will forbid;
Her boding fancy, scenes of terror drew,
And seem'd to bid her take the last adieu.
The meads that boasted such a fragrant bloom,
She thought o'erspread with a prophetic gloom;
The very trees, in silence seem'd to mourn,
As if they said,—Ye never shall return!
The streams in doleful murmurs crept along,
And the sweet Blackbird sung his saddest song.
In vain the Hero, with the Lover join'd,
To sooth the anguish of AMANDA's mind:
She oft essay'd to speak—a vain essay!
The pow'rs of utt'rance seem'd dissolv'd away;
Her eyes alone, their eloquence produce,
And gaze on him, as if 'twas all their use;
And that this spacious world, of him bereft,
Had nothing for AMANDA—nothing left!

And now! the dreadful morn bestow'd its light;
How many now shall never see the night!
How many that with health and vigour glow,
This awful morn shall lay for ever low!
HORATIO! who can tell thy doubtful fate?
Tremendous Death has op'd his iron gate;
Oh! shoud'st thou enter with the slaughter'd crew,
The fatal dart must pierce AMANDA too!
"Farewell!" she cried—"Oh kindest, dearest,
"best!—
"May Heav'n"——A flood of sorrow spoke the
rest!
Thrice to each other's arms they fondly sprung,
Whilst mute affliction tied each fault'ring tongue:
Thrice did they fondly gaze. 'Tis o'er—'tis past!
That look—oh poor AMANDA! was thy last!

And now the Sons of Mars embattled meet,
And hungry Death prepares his savage treat;
Glory inspires each unexperienc'd sword,
The hero now is in his son restor'd;
And now the Father — now the Brother dies,
Whilst groans and shouts of conquest rend the skies.
Horatio dealt destruction all around,
And tumbled youth and valour to the ground!
But oh! fond youth! beware that fatal ball!
It comes. — Horatio, thou art doom'd to fall.
On the cold earth, he soon resign'd his breath,
And look'd like Vict'ry in the Arms of Death.

Amanda spent the day in ardent pray'r,
And wept and watch'd with unremitting care.
The ev'ning rose, and no Horatio came!
A mortal horror chill'd her tender frame.

"Where is HORATIO?" often wou'd she say;
But none could clear her anxious doubts away;
None could the sad catastrophe reveal,
But silence told what pity wou'd conceal.
Unable now her anguish to contain,
She sought the bloody mansions of the slain;
O'er mangled heaps, with trembling haste she flew,
Whilst conscious Nature shudder'd at the view;
But savage Death had such confusion made,
In vain the bleeding havock she survey'd:
She saw with grief, confusion, and despair,
Nor form, nor feature were distinguish'd there.
But as she turn'd away with frantic eye,
She heard her faithful dog in anguish cry;
And as the wretched beast prolong'd its whine,
She turn'd and saw it on the earth recline;
Close by a cold disfigur'd corpse it lay,
And seem'd a mournful reverence to pay;

With anxious care she view'd the mangled face,
But no resemblance cou'd her fancy trace;
Till gazing on the hand — her eye was caught,
Some work she 'spy'd, that once her fingers wrought;
The pattern still she knew, tho' stain'd and torn,
And knew the precious hand on which 'twas worn!
Upon the lifeless corpse, herself she threw,
And clasp'd the bosom bath'd in chilly dew;
The hand she press'd, in anguish, o'er and o'er,
And kiss'd the lips she knew won'd ope no more!

"Take me,"— she cried,— "thou dear disfigur'd earth;
"The world can ne'er restore thy matchless worth.
"All pale and cold, and mangled as thou art,
"Thou'rt all the treasure of AMANDA's heart!

" Oh precious relics! — all that's left me now! —
" To part again AMANDA can't allow.
" Take me, thou bleeding earth! — One grave
" shall join,
" And make thee, spite of fate, for ever mine:
" Thine own AMANDA, faithful shall attend,
" For HER's was not a love for Death to end!
" In the damp grave he shall be her's alone.
" Oh blest AMANDA! he is still thy own!
" Kind Heaven, in mercy, gives my soul release,
" And guides a sufferer to the paths of Peace."

And then again, she press'd the breathless clay,
As if her soul had nigh dissolv'd away;
To Heaven she turn'd her look, in silent prayer,
And Resignation gain'd the triumph THERE!

Then with a yielding sigh resign'd her breath,
No gentler Spirit ever smil'd on Death;
Bright Mercy call'd it to Celestial Love,
And Angels bore it to the Realms Above!

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN BY DESIRE OF MRS. BRITTEN, OF BATH,

TO THE MEMORY OF HER DAUGHTER.

How shall the Muse perform her mournful part,
Or reach the feelings of a Parent's heart?
When sharp excessive grief corrodes the soul,
'Tis Time's alone the anguish to controul,
To lend the ray that drooping Sorrow cheers,
And give a precious luxury to our tears.
Or rather say, that Heaven that ray supplies,
And grants that comfort which the world denies.

Oh thou, whom all revere, and she, whose flight
Has snatch'd her from thy fond devoted sight!
Think, had she lived, to grief and care a prey,
And pin'd whole years of hopeless youth away,
Weary of life, and hopeless of relief,
The patient victim of consuming grief;
That grief, alas, which knows but one sad cure,
And even the noblest bosoms may endure!
How had thy gen'rous heart, in anguish bled,
To mark the transient roses as they fled;
To see the languid eye suppress the tear,
(That eye which even thy presence cou'd not cheer)
While those beloved lips resign'd their hue,
A mournful prelude to their last adieu!
For thee the struggling sigh, in vain supprest,
Had stole a cautious passage from the breast;
Whilst all thy soul, on ev'ry look had dwelt,
With all that e'er a mother's fondness felt!

Remov'd from sickness, sorrow, and from care,
Behold the darling child thou cou'dst not spare;
Behold her! in the Realms of Joy compleat,
Secure from folly, falsehood, or deceit.
No gay temptation — no enchanting dream,
Nor transient joy, nor Hope's delusive beam,
Nor aught that here distracts frail human worth,
Can tempt an Angel to the realms of earth.
Short was the trial, and the task is o'er;
The glorious Spirit will return no more.

Oh rapt'rous thought! that hour may come at last,
When, ev'ry pang and ev'ry conflict past,
The kindling soul its virtuous hope may claim,
Nature's soft tie, and Friendship's purest flame!
If Heaven those dear connections will allow,
Which melt our hearts, and rend and pierce them now,

May we not hope?—'Tis surely too severe,
If human wisdom blame a hope so dear!
The joyous soul, unfetter'd, unconfin'd,
Shall leave its pond'rous bars of clay behind;
But when it soars the Realms of Bliss to share,
Its joy on earth may add one transport THERE!

THE

CAVERN

OF

THE FURIES.

Deep in a cavern, gloomy and profound,
Where never Spring adorn'd the thankless ground,
Where never light, thro' friendly windings crept,
Nor piuing Penitence her vigils kept,
Where imps of night frequent the noisome road,
The ghastly Furies held their dark abode!
Here lights infernal, vivid flashes threw,
A fearful gloom, which darkness never knew!
A thousand meagre phantoms here remain,
Distraction raves, and Passion knaws its chain;

Two fiends defend the gate, with furious zeal,
Whose haggard eyes no slumber e'er shall seal!
Pale Jealousy performs her watchful part,
And Envy hides the Vulture in her heart;
Close by her side, ingenious Falsehood sits,
And frames the pois'nous tale she ne'er forgets;
Whilst Hatred shews her gloomy joy the while,
And "horribly she grins, a ghastly smile!"
These, while discordant clamours grate the ear,
Uncheck'd by laws, exert their influence here.

The Furies oft their slack'ning pow'rs renew,
And sparks of rage re-kindle at their view.
Revenge, whilst fatal silence marks her trade,
From cold Suspicion takes the reeking blade!
Despair sits speechless, o'er her dark intent,
And Error lurks to ensnare the innocent!

And Cruelty enjoys her dire success,
To sharpen anguish and insult distress.

Lo! with her sponge, Ingratitude appears!
One touch obliterates the work of years:
Even savage fiends behold her with dismay!
Passion disowns — and Nature turns away.

These and a thousand more of hideous form,
Fierce and rapacious as the midnight storm!
Rush forth, malignant, from their gloomy den,
To taint with pois'nous arts the sons of men;
And, lest one destin'd victim shou'd escape,
With specious garb, they hide their native shape.
Where Pride or Passion leave a weaker part,
The dang'rous venom there assails the heart;
But still, where pure Religion holds her reign,
The treach'rous enemy may plot in vain:

Benevolence excludes her fairest claim,
And hates Revenge, tho' Justice lends her name!
In sordid hearts alone can envy grow,
And true intrepid Courage spares its foe.

"Are these your triumphs, then?"—the Furies frown'd:
Enrag'd they dart their haggard eyes around;
Keen lightnings flash—pale Discord waves her hand,
And demons tremble at the fierce demand.

"Are these your triumphs, then?"—the Furies cry—
"Ye wretched caitiffs! from destruction fly!
"Shall helpless Earth, its hateful peace retain?
"Shall ten-fold Night then spread its shade in "vain?

" Shall proud Megæra, with ignoble power,
" Rule but the mistress of a feeble hour?
" No!—Our fierce wrath, detested Man shall
" know—
" A glorious vengeance shall direct the blow.—
" Come from thy cavern! darker than Despair!
" Come forth! Oh Calumny!—thy stings prepare!
" 'Tis THINE, on earth t' extend our mighty reign,
" And Vice shall rule, when Virtue pleads in vain!"

They ceas'd—And lo! obedient at the call,
(Whilst fiends rejoice that Innocence shou'd fall,)
The fav'rite monster, from her dark abode,
Her odious form with pride exulting shew'd.
Two potent wings the sov'reign pow'rs supplied—
A fatal quiver grac'd her senseless side;
And ev'ry pois'nous shaft from thence she drew,
Would pierce the shield of Innocence quite thro':

At length from splendid scenes and courts remov'd,
He sought the sweet simplicity he lov'd,
Nor lost by age the virtues of his youth —
Unwearied zeal, fidelity, and truth.
When stiff'ning age assum'd its sober pace,
No cruel lash proclaim'd his dire disgrace;
But fair MIRANDA* sooth'd his weary hour,
With all the softness of benignant pow'r.
May no rude hand this humble spot molest,
Where sweet MIRANDA bids her favourite rest!
And ye, luxuriant steeds! who, pert and vain,
Spring o'er the fence, and scour the velvet plain!
Or chase the tim'rous Stag, with eager bound —
Behold this tribute with respect profound;
And sadly learn, howe'er your skill surpass'd,
To this dire LEAP ye all must come at LAST.

* The daughter of Dr. FREEMAN, near Uxbridge.

VERSES,

ON A PARTICULAR OCCASION.

When Royalty its gracious ray extends,
And princely pow'r with condescension blends,
All hearts must then the heav'n-born light adore,
That smile that cheers, when Fortune smiles no more!
By sorrows and by fear, the heart deprest,
Shall feel its warmth more grateful than the rest;
And long the mem'ry of that hour retain,
When cold Oblivion spread its shade in vain!

Thus, mighty Prince! the Sun's resplendent beam,
The poor man's cordial, and the poet's theme!
Whilst o'er the noblest scene it casts its ray,
And throws the splendour of unclouded day,
O'er the pale ruin, still it shines as bright,
And gilds the humblest cottage with its light.

TO THE AUTHOR OF

AN ELEGY

ON

CAPTAIN COOKE.

O Thou! whoe'er thou art—Oh Bard divine!
May heav'nly pow'rs prolong the Poet's breath,
When noble Justice animates his line,
And rescues Virtue from the shades of Death!

For thee, oh Cooke! tho' fir'd by gen'rous zeal—
Ah why did savage climes employ thy care;
To find that death, a noble heart shall feel!—
To find the weapon of destruction there?

Ingratitude! —Thou keen corrosive pow'r!
To set the mind from gen'rous bondage free;
Whene'er thy hand appoints the bloody hour—
From Death the Hero shrinks not, but from
Thee!

Yet—if that Spirit, in its glorious height,
From rig'rous Justice shall assert its due—
Behold! that Muse, which glows with all its light,
And gives thee Fame, shall give thee Vengeance
too!

A BALLAD.

Poor Ellen lifts her languid eye,
With visage sunk and pale!
Ah! what would now a Father's care
To save thy life avail?

"But hear, my faithful nurse, I pray,
"For death I feel is near:
"There's nothing Ellen now can hope—
"There's nothing left to fear!

"Oh! fetch me then my faithless love,
"In stately pride is he;
"This little ring, a token bear,
"Which once he gave to me:

"And tell him that his heart may melt,
"When ELLEN's wrongs are dumb;
"And tell him that his true love dies—
"She dies! before he'll come!"

"Oh yes! thy WINIFRED will go,
"And never doubt her care;
"My lady dear, those cruel words,
"My very heart strings tear!

"For I have known thee from thy youth—
"His truant heart I'll wound,
"And try if pity can be there,
"Where truth was never found."

This faithful creature then with speed,
O'er barren heaths she flew;

For gratitude had lent her wings
To go this journey through.

And now, the castle gate she reach'd,
A little page is seen,
With rosy cheeks and courteous smile
He let the trav'ller in.—

"Oh come and rest thy weary feet;"—
But "No, sweet page," she cries—
"No rest poor WINIFRED shall find,
"When now her mistress dies!

"Oh lead me to thy master soon,
"His pride I nothing fear;
"Such doleful news, alas! I bring,
"As never reach'd his ear!"

" Then follow me," the page replied,
" Where lo! he sits at meat."
" What now is this," Earl BERTRAM cries,
" My ready ears to greet?

" Speak—are my castle walls blown down,
" Or are my tow'rs o'erthrown?
" Is now Earl BERTRAM's justice sought
" To ruthless caitiffs known?"

" Oh yes!" poor WINIFRED she cried,
" Thy justice we implore,
" This little ring, perhaps may speak,
" From her who speaks no more!

" It brings thy lady's pardon too,
" Of truth and beauty rare;

" One look from BERTRAM, ere she dies,
" Is now her only care.

" She pardons—yes!—she loves thee too!
" My Lord thy steps incline;—
" The piteous sight that breaks my heart,
" Shou'd wring with sorrow thine!

" And pardon me my speech so rude;
" If rude my speech shou'd be;—
" This ev'ning Sun is now the last
" That angel face shall see!"

No tear from BERTRAM's frozen eye,
No tear could Pity win;
But Nature soften'd at his heart,
And let the stranger in.

" Then saddle me my milk-white steed!
" My swiftest horse, I pray,
" That I may kiss those fading lips
" Before they turn to clay!

" Her cheek once more shall glow with red—
" I'll wake my love to life,
" And injur'd ELLEN soon shall be
" The cruel BERTRAM's wife!"

The milk-white steed now swiftly came,
And light his master bore,
Whose panting heart surpass'd his speed
To reach poor ELLEN's door.

" Come lead me to thy lady dear,
" If still indeed she live,

" And say—Earl BERTRAM came so soon,
" That ELLEN might forgive !"

And now, unto the darken'd room,
With fearful steps and slow,
Earl BERTRAM crept the doleful way—
'Twas he that gave the blow !

But oh ! on ELLEN's alter'd face,
To see the death-like pale !
That eye, which once enliven'd all,
To see its brightness fail !

Supported on her lovely hand,
One fading cheek had leant ;
A faint suffusion there was spread,
As blushing flow'rs present :

The other, cold as marble seem'd,
And wan with pining care —
One graceful lock disorder'd fell,
By chance unfetter'd there.

Oh Death! in vain, thy icy hand
That lovely form wou'd chill,
And Beauty in thy cold embrace
Has all its graces still!

With awe, that innocence inspires,
When injur'd and opprest,
Earl BERTRAM saw the silent scene,
And smote his guilty breast.

"Oh! shut not yet those darken'd eyes,"
With earnest grief said he;

"But spare me, ELLEN — spare a look!
"For mercy, and for me! —

"Nor say, what BERTRAM wou'd not shew,
"That BERTRAM asks in vain;
"But see him on his bended knees,
"Restor'd to Truth again!

"And hear him swear, by injur'd Love —
"By just and cruel Fate!
"That ELLEN is reveng'd, indeed,
If BERTRAM comes too late."

One look she gave, and nothing more!
But much might there be told!
And, ev'n to death, shall BERTRAM's heart
The soft impression hold!

As Penitents, with trembling lips,
Shall press the sacred shrine,
Now BERTRAM kiss the lifeless hand,
Which never shall be thine!

"Oh injur'd suff'rer! art thou gone,
"The cells of death to share?
"The softest—tend'rest calls of Love,
"Shall never reach thee there!

"Sweet Maid!" he cries, "tho' false in life,
"In death behold me true!
"The earth which holds thy dear remains,
"Shall take my burthen too!"

EPISTLE

FROM

LION, THE HOUSE-DOG,

TO A FRIEND.

WHAT tho' of Quadrupedian race,
Unknown to measure and to rhyme,
For once the tuneful line I trace,
And shape my paw to strains sublime:
And know, at least, a dog like me,
Unknown to flatt'ry and to art,
No subtle sycophant shall be —
He growls the dictates of his heart!

In vain the flow'ry plain I tread,
  In vain the tyrant gate I clear,
Or try the slender Greyhound's speed,
  When lo! the tim'rous prey is near.
In clumsy dignity erect,
  In vain thro' tangled paths I roam,
Whilst vagrants view me with respect,
  And ling'ring twilight guides me home.

In vain I hoped, with fervent zeal,
  My nobler namesake to attend;
And oh! what joy wou'd LION feel,
  To feel the sanction of a friend!
To guide thee thro' the thorny brake,
  To watch thee o'er the marshy moor:
For thee I'd ford th' unfathom'd lake,
  And rushing streams, untried before.

O'er labour'd fence I'd lightly vault,
Tho' ne'er design'd such feats to share;
And glorious then, is Nature's fault,
When friendship shall that fault repair!—
When cool September casts its light,
And Dog days scorch the earth no more,
When trees with yellow tinge delight,
And plains unshelter'd I explore.

Then will I learn the Pointer's art—
I'll guide thee to the fav'rite spot;
Thy gun such terrors shall impart,
No Partridge lives who fears it not!
And when, with lengthen'd sport opprest,
Thy weary steps shall homeward bend,
I'll prove a manageable guest,
And court thy fav'rite and thy friend!

A LION once, of dauntless breed,
At UNA's feet his station took;
From caitiff Knights, the nymph he fre[illegible],
And ne'er that honour'd post forsook:
Know!—from that LION, frank and b[illegible],
In lineage strait, I surely came,
And wonders cou'd this Paw unfold,
To mark me for a DOG of FAME!

That blood which warm'd my grandsire's heart,
Inspires me with the noblest pride;
Unbrib'd, my friendship I impart,
And love the Truth, for which he died!
But, since in vain I howl my care,
And Devon's wilds thy face must see;
Will e'er Remembrance reach thee there,
To think on absent friends—and me?

Perchance, — some Spaniel, neat and trim,
With curling ears and spotted coat, —
Unthinking! — Thou canst smile on him,
Who learns his fawning task by rote.
Some Greyhound, with beseeching look;
Perchance, some Terrier shall pursue —
Shall rouse thee from thy fav'rite book,
And ev'n his follies please thee too!

Whilst, nobly as I'm born and bred,
I waste inglorious hapless years,
By menial hands I'm daily fed,
And chatt'ring females stun my ears:
Nor e'er thy EDMUND shall I view —
No flutt'ring beaux I wish to see;
But sure, if Fame can once be true,
That man's a soul to honour me!

But no! — to these sequester'd walls,
My tow'ring genius is confin'd,
And yet, when stately LION falls,
This tribute shall remain behind.

And thou — ungrateful as thou art!
When doom'd thy exit here to make,
If Fate permits, I'll play my part,
And guide thee through the Stygian Lake.

A RIDDLE.

In the gloom of the night, over ditches I fly,
And cheer the poor traveller's road;
Tho' silent, a pleasant companion am I,
Till he views his beloved abode.

Tho' often despis'd and neglected when near,
Yet oft am I seen at a distance,
And some wou'd not think ev'n a thousand too dear
To purchase my timely assistance. —

Yet soon is my friendship disdain'd and forgot,
And I'm meanly immur'd for my pains :
Like Genius, oppress'd, in Adversity's lot,
Not a spark of my glory remains !

" The offspring of Nature, the offspring of Art !"
I'm sometimes embellish'd with care,
And oft to the cold and disconsolate heart,
I'm the herald of ecstacy THERE.

Then prize me, ye fair ones, ye good and ye brave,
Tho' Vice may my service employ ;
To ruin I lead the seducer and knave,
And the virtuous to safety and joy.

AN ENIGMA.

Say, what is that, whose friendly aid supplies
The first pure glow that paints the morning skies?
Whose wond'rous pow'r can ease the captive's gloom,
And yield sweet novelty to cheer his doom? —
When friend and foe a pitying ear denies,
To me the pris'ner turns his weary eyes.
When martial crowds appear, in order drest,
Then is my charm by simple maids confest.
For me, Curiosity — uncheck'd by Time,
In idle search may waste its fading prime;

For me will ling'ring Hope consume the hour,
And feeble Indolence enjoys my power!
By me,—some heedless object may impart
A long memorial to the conscious heart!
By me, ten thousand blessings are supplied;
But frowning Winter mocks my transient pride:
And wild Intemp'rance, and unseemly Mirth,
Contracts my reign, and scorns my modest worth;
And ev'n my tender frame, without a fault,
Th' ungrateful hand of Riot shall assault!
Guess me, ye nymphs! my wayward state ye see;
And make—oh make not CHEAP a friend like me!

To * * * * * * * *

WRITTEN AT NORTH HINTON.

Cold was the blast, remote the dwelling,
And winter struck a deep dismay;
Yet, spite of fogs and storms repelling,
Good-nature found the dreary way.

Oh thou! whose kind benignant pleasure,
Is social blessings to impart,
May ev'ry Muse attend thy leisure,
That warms the fancy or the heart!

May COWPER's friend—beware of PINDAR!—
The gentle hint of Truth allow:
Discretion ne'er one leaf shall hinder,
That Genius twines around his brow.

Since, gloomy Solitude to lighten,
Thy friendly gen'rous care can be,
Oh! may her aspect never frighten,
Or raise a gloomy thought in thee!

ON READING

DR. JOHNSON'S TOUR

TO

THE HEBRIDES.

In various climes, beyond the pow'rs of Art,
Still lib'ral Nature plays her friendly part.
Britannia's clime, her plenteous soil may boast,
And her fair garden decks Italia's coast!
Ev'n sultry India owns her lib'ral care,
And fragrant plants perfume the conscious air.
Nor thou, oh Scotland! mourn thy dreary lot,
Nor deem thy niggard clime was quite forgot:

What tho' thy shaggy cliffs and desart plain,
Seem widely spread in Sorrow's sad domain;
What tho' thy trav'ller dreads the piercing blast,
Eas'd are his toils, by courtesy, at last!
How sweet the social smile which cheers a guest,
And soothes the stealing hour of welcome rest.—
O blame not Nature! — even here she's kind,
But gave her beauties to the cultur'd mind;
Thy sons she made, (blest country!) bold and free,
And grac'd thy daughters, sweet MACLEOD, like
thee!

To *****

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

THE light this friendly day has brought,
Shall warm full many a conscious breast —
All that thy pious zeal has taught,
And all thy charity has blest!

It is but justice forms the lay,
No flatt'ry smoothes the dulcet line;
When Gratitude its dues shou'd pay,
'Tis fit one tribute shou'd be mine!

'Tis fit the heart, thy gen'rous skill,
Thy bright example tried to mend,
Shou'd bear the kind remembrance still,
The value of the Christian Friend!

Whilst Luxury forms its triumphs mean,
And Pride its glitt'ring car prepares,
Thine be the bright and glorious scene,
Beyond the Vale of Human Cares!

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR A YOUNG WOMAN, BEING HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

With all that tim'rous Fear can now suggest,
To check the ardent hope that warms my breast—
With all that trembling Diffidence can feel,
To Candour now I make my FIRST appeal!
With cautious steps, those dang'rous paths I tread,
Where gorgon Critics fill the soul with dread!
By Emulation's ray, that cordial light!
Soft Candour cheers me in this World of Night;
It warms the heart, that timid fears wou'd chill —
Our guide, our guardian, and our patron still!

To nobler pride, it wakes our native pow'rs,
And crowns ev'n Justice with a wreath of flow'rs.
Ev'n here, thank Heav'n! I see its aspect mild;
It cheers ev'n ME, Misfortune's fainting Child!—
Deep in her shade, ere yet offence I knew,
Her pupil sad, in patient woes I grew!
Nor Hope, nor Joy, nor soft domestic Truth,
Cheer'd the dark mornings of my adverse youth!
But kindling Fancy now dispels the gloom,
Her voice enchants me, and her pictures bloom,
My feeble heart, with beating storms opprest,
Seeks in her fairy land—a Place of Rest!
That blest retreat, may Critic Censure spare,
And know, your smiles can make Elysium There!

VERSES,

BY PARTICULAR DESIRE,

ON A LADY LEAVING OFF CARDS.

As PRUDENCE chanc'd, the other day,
With cautious steps to take her way,
She met the flaunting form of FASHION,
Whose faded eyes were red with passion:
With scorn, the graceful nymph had pass'd her,
But angry Fashion tript the faster.
"So Madam Pride! — at last I've caught you!"
Cried she — "the thief I always thought you!

" Well may you shew that air victorious! —
" You've robb'd me — 'tis a fact notorious!"

" I've robb'd you Ma'am!" the nymph reply'd —
" Since Truth and Reason's on my side,
" It makes me calm, whilst you are furious;
" But truly, this reproach is curious!
" When all the world must sure agree,
" What monstrous thefts you make from me:
" The fairest plant I nurse so tender,
" From ev'ry vile and rash offender,
" If once thy touch the stalk shall sever,
" It shrinks and fades, and droops for ever!"

" 'Tis mine, cry'd Fashion, " to expand
" Its beauties with my fost'ring hand;
" But what, alas! avails my care?
" This hour I'm destin'd to despair.

" MELINDA fair, and bright and gay,
" Those wicked arts have stol'n away;
" My blest resource she now discards,
" The pride, the glowing joy of Cards!
" The trump so graceful wou'd she lead—
" Her luck was victory indeed!
" And oh—so well she bore her crosses,
" Ev'n Cupid might revenge her losses!
" Old Plutus own'd that deed was mine,
" To bring such votaries to his shrine.
" Ev'n Venus sure, might next pursue him,
" And all the Loves and Graces woo him!
" With pride, I saw my pleasing art
" Engag'd the soft MELINDA's heart;
" But thou!—oh hateful to my sight!
" Thy fatal wand has chang'd her quite!
" One icy touch!—she flies, I see,
" And lends her graces now to THEE!

INNOCENCE.

A

POEM.

INNOCENCE.

A POEM.

FAR from the wint'ry, wild and desart plain,
Where even the vernal shower descends in vain,
Far from the lonely, dark sequester'd dell,
Where the meek Hermit forms his pensive cell;
A scene there is, with ev'ry lux'ry grac'd,
Whose glowing beauties Winter ne'er defac'd;
There Spring eternal casts her vivid bloom,
Nor dreads the noxious mist, nor dreary gloom:
Soft is the breeze — a pure benignant light
Glows o'er the landscape round, serenely bright!

A sparkling stream, o'er golden pebbles plays,
And sportive winds its course thro' flow'ry ways:
The jocund birds, who blend their sweet employ,
And tune their artless notes to songs of joy;
Th' unfading blossoms, which their sweets exhale,
And lend their fragrance to the passing gale;
The gentle gale, whose balmy breath inspires
Transporting tenderness and soft desires;
The lengthen'd vista, and the fragrant bower,
Form'd by the pliant boughs entwining power,
And all that charms the eye and wins the ear,
Proclaim—that Hope's fair Gardens flourish HERE.

A youthful form, with fairer beauty grac'd,
Than ere the cunning hand of Genius trac'd,
Adorn'd this blissful spot:—his azure eye
Glow'd with the lustre of the Orbs on High!

His rosy lips a dimpling smile display'd,
And his smooth brow the glossy ringlets shade;
A fragrant wreath entwin'd, of lillies fair,
With soft congenial beauty flourish'd there;
An *ermine robe his graceful limbs became—
'Twas Heav'n's own gift, and INNOCENCE his name!
Light o'er the dewy shade, the spangled lawn,
He sprang, transported, like the bounding Fawn;
And brighter where he came, the blossoms glow'd,
And sweeter fragrance bless'd this gay abode.
A sportive Lamb, its rival gambols kept,
And gently watch'd its master while he slept.
But care he knew not—heedless wou'd he run,
Nor mark'd the danger he was taught to shun;

* The Ermine is a creature that has an aversion to a spot, and would sooner die than have its skin sullied.

For courteous Truth had woo'd him to her cell!
He smil'd, and lik'd the damsel passing well;
But deem'd her charms too much the matron wore,
And Syren Pleasure seem'd to charm him more.
As swift and joyous o'er the haunts he flew,
A fair and dang'rous phantom caught his view;
Such smiles fallacious, and a form so bright,
Had ne'er with soft allurement charm'd his sight!
Thro' ev'ry shade and lawn he lightly speeds,
With eager step — but still the Fair recedes.
In vain, alas! the fatal bounds appear,
He leap'd, presumptuous, in his wild career!
The fleeting phantom stops. — In vain his flight:
It melts in air — for ever from his sight! —
Ah me! how sad — how hopeless and undone,
Is now the wretched youth, so lightly won!
Rude is the storm — with rage resistless now,
It rends the garland from his polish'd brow:

His graceful locks, in wild disorder flow,
And his heart shudders at the grasp of Woe. —
No more his feet shall press the verdant ground,
But sharp entangling thorns his path confound.
Fain would he fly, but trembling with dismay,
He views a meagre Spectre cross the way;
With raven voice it screams, and aspect stern,—
" Forbear fond youth! 'tis I forbid return! —
" Know thou art mine," he cries, "my hated grasp
" Around thy heart, shall seem the pois'nous asp;
" Whoe'er, like thee, the destin'd bounds exceeds,
" Beneath my iron power, a victim bleeds!
" Thy sighs, thy tears, are now my rich repast;
" For know, 'tis MISERY thou hast found at last."

The spectre ceas'd—then seiz'd his trembling hand;
In vain wou'd feeble youth his power withstand!—

As some meek Lamb, who wanders from the fold,
Meets the gaunt Wolf, rapacious, fierce and bold,
With patient woe, it yields its hapless fate
To cruel Vengeance, and remorseless Hate:
So helpless INNOCENCE his guide survey'd,
And walk'd with Misery through the doleful shade.

High on a mountain, by a neighb'ring wood,
The awful mansion of EXPERIENCE stood:
A rev'rend sage he was, and full of years,
And ev'n obdurate TIME his friend appears;
For him alone, with punctual care conveys
The sov'reign cordial, which supports his days.
Stern was his brow — a keen and piercing light,
Which TRUTH alone cou'd bear with steady sight,
Beam'd from his eye; — and ev'n a royal grace
Adorn'd his steady air and measur'd pace:

The gentle solace of his age was still
The fairest of his daughters, young GOOD-WILL.
Oft woo'd she tempt him to the mountain's side,
To be the wand'ring youth's propitious guide;
And now, as gloomy night involv'd the scene,
She view'd fair INNOCENCE, and mark'd his mien;
Her awful sire, his trembling form survey'd,
But check'd, with slower step, the ardent maid.

"Approach, oh wandering youth," he gently cries,
"Oh! turn on me thy sad desponding eyes;
"This aged hand, not feeble nor subdued,
"Might lead thee o'er the rock and desarts rude.
"Though FATE's imperial law must check my zeal,
"Yet kind INSTRUCTION shall my care reveal.
"'Tis mine—from Heav'n the high commission
"came—
"To lead thy footsteps from the paths of shame;

" 'Tis mine to speak of dangers far and near,
" And most where Pleasure smiles, to teach thee
" FEAR!
" So shall thy youth, her gay delusions shun,
" And safely tread where thousands are undone."

Firm and sublime — his friendly words impart
A deep and solemn gladness to the heart;
The tim'rous youth, to mild submission won,
Receiv'd his counsel like a duteous son;
And much he thought, tho' now in form severe,
The genuine voice of Truth engag'd his ear.
With grateful thanks, his gen'rous heart o'erflow'd,
But doom'd he was to leave this calm abode.
The courteous sage dismiss'd his blooming guest,
And one deep sigh his boding fears express'd.

Now o'er the scene, beset with lurking snares,
Spreads the wide wilderness of human cares!
Tumultuous sounds the frighten'd ear assail,
And sighs and murmurs mingle in the gale;
The stream of Sorrow rolls its silent flood,
Thro' all the winding mazes of the wood,
Till chill'd and stagnate by th' inclement air,
It freezes in the gulph of black Despair.—
A dazzling crowd, with dext'rous art convey'd
By airy phantoms, glided through the shade:
The courteous youth, by wise Experience taught,
Beheld them in the toils of Pleasure caught;
And well he knew, where flow'rets bloom'd so gay,
The pois'nous Serpent form'd his guileful way.
With gen'rous scorn, his eyes indignant roll'd,
Where meagre Avarice sunk beneath his gold!
A thoughtless train, by transient lights engross'd,
In Error's winding maze were quickly lost —

A stately form, whose hand the sceptre bore,
(While crimson stain'd the gorgeous robe he wore)
An iron chain o'er all his captives threw,
And helpless myriads trembled at his view:
The heavy groan, the timid sigh profound,
Were hush'd, submissive, at the trumpet's sound.
—Here vile Hypocrisy, and base Deceit,
And fawning Flatt'ry and Injustice meet;
Protean Falsehood lends her mask to Pride,
And Treason grasps the poniard by his side—
With wolf-eyed Slaughter:—these their chief proclaim,
And tell the world—AMBITION is his name!
Injurious Envy spreads her snakes around—
Ah! ev'n shou'd INNOCENCE escape a wound,
Yet smiling Treachery shall prepare a dart,
Too sure, alas! to reach the victim's heart!—

From such a scene of guilt and dire dismay,
The virtuous youth, with horror turn'd away.
But whither shou'd he fly? for Misery too,
Ev'n like his shadow, Mis'ry shall pursue!
His alter'd cheek a pallid hue displays,
Like some fair flow'r on which the canker preys;
The tainted air affects his panting breath,
And his lip quivers "with the blast of Death."

Ye bright Immortal Pow'rs! that dwell Above,
And tune your glitt'ring harps to strains of love!
Oh ye! whose warbling notes, sublime and clear,
To rapture sooth the Saint's expiring ear!
Inspire my Muse! oh! raise her drooping wing!
Damp with the dews of earth, in vain 'twou'd spring;
One heav'nly spark shall all her dross refine,
And kindle transports for a theme Divine!

For lo! a beaming light, whose ardent glow,
Might pierce the darkness of the shades below,
Bursts thro' the gloom! a pure refulgent ray,
More keen than lightning, more serene than day;
O'er all the scene, its vivid light was cast,
And ev'ry hideous phantom shrunk aghast.
Soft in the air delicious accents stole,
And sooth'd to gentle peace the tortur'd soul:—
And now, in glitt'ring armour bright array'd,
A form Celestial glided through the shade!
An orient beam illum'd her beauteous face,
And deck'd her charms with more than mortal grace:
So sweetly awful — so serenely bright —
No form terrestrial ever blest the sight!
Her sacred Charge — a bloody Cross she press'd,
With conscious ardour to her spotless breast!
A chrystal shield, of adamantine force,
From foes malignant still preserv'd her course;

Immortal Faith a flaming banner spread,
And wav'd triumphant o'er her graceful head!
—Fair blooming Hope, and Patience, ever calm,
And gentle Mercy, with her healing balm,
And Gratitude, with soft, yet fervent gaze,
Who tunes her golden harp to hymns of praise;
Enchanting Meekness, with her dove-like eye,
And pure Devotion, Daughter of the Sky!
And blooming Charity, with matchless air,
Among the fairest, still divinely fair!
A goodly train, the dazzled eyes beheld,
And each in native loveliness excell'd;
In comely order, and with graceful pride,
They wait, obedient, on their Heav'nly Guide!—
RELIGION!—oh 'twas SHE!—her lovely form
Ev'n sooth'd the Genius of the angry storm!
Disorder'd Nature hail'd her as she pass'd,
And her soft accents hush'd the northern blast!

" Awake," she cries, " Oh INNOCENCE ! awake!
" Revive, oh wretched wanderer, for my sake !
" And mark with Meekness ! — Know from
" Realms Above
" I come — the messenger of Joy and Love !
" Eternal Goodness fix'd my task below,
" To gild with light this Wilderness of Woe !
" To guide the Trav'ller thro' perplexing ways,
" And turn his trembling feet from Error's maze;
" The ghastly Fiends of Darkness to subdue,
" And shew Celestial Glories to thy view ! —
" But know ! one narrow path thy choice must be —
" Dark and obscure, 'tis only known to ME !
" Tho' hideous forms thy inmost soul shou'd scare,
" And all the giant crew of black Despair ;
" Tho' ranc'rous Envy shall prepare her dart,
" And Slander points her vengeance at thy heart ;

" This glitt'ring sword, which turns Presumption
" pale,
" Keen from the hand of Justice, shall prevail!—
" Tho' hungry Tygers howl, and beasts of prey,
" And pois'nous Basilisks infest thy way!
" Ev'n in the vale of Death, where silence dwells,
" And horror glides through all her gloomy cells!
" Oh! fear not, tim'rous youth! the task is mine,
" To guard thy weakness with an Arm Divine,
" And lead thee safely to that blissful shore,
" Where bright enfranchis'd Virtue droops no
" more."

Thus spoke the gracious Chief—nor spoke in
vain;
Her words re-echo thro' the vast domain!
Reviving INNOCENCE, her pow'r confest,
And all the Hero glow'd within his breast!

No longer weak—he felt a potent charm
Inspire his soul, and nerve his feeble arm;
He felt a kindling energy unknown,
Which made Existence richer—more his own!
But Mis'ry trembled at a foe so bright,
And her pale form dissolv'd in endless night.

A RELIGIOUS REFLECTION.

How Blest are they, who once bewilder'd here,
In mild Devotion finish their career!
Tho' injur'd by the world, forlorn, opprest,
They hear a SAVIOUR's Voice to give them rest;
And when the path of Life is safely trod,
Can trust in him HIM, and yield their Souls to GOD.

ON SITTING IN THE SAME PEW WITH

Mrs. SIDDONS,

AT PERCY-STREET CHAPEL.

Oh bright Devotion! thou whose heav'nly pow'r,
Dispels the darkness of Affliction's hour!
Ah! wherefore to thy holy altars led,
Few are the vot'ries from Destruction fled?
Alas! how few, escap'd from Pleasure's snare,
Who view the sweets, yet dread the Serpent there!
Her syren voice invites the ear astray,
Till Time and Sorrow trace the rugged way;
Then feeble Age and Mis'ry seek their guide,
And yield that tribute blooming Youth denied.—

But lo! thy SIDDONS comes — a fairer prize!
And kindling virtues sparkle in her eyes! —
Ev'n she! who yields to Fancy charms so rare;
How pure, Devotion! are thy graces there!
Ev'n she whose air no study could impart,
But energy of soul, and warmth of heart.

Go on, fair votary, still thy path pursue —
Instruct us how to share thy feelings too;
Bright as thy genius, as thy honour clear,
We see the Truth — There's no Deception HERE!

TO A

YOUNG CLERGYMAN,

OF GREAT ABILITIES, BUT OF DISSOLUTE CHARACTER.

When gracious Heav'n its precious gifts bestows,
Sense to discern, and Eloquence that glows;
And then its noblest office has design'd—
To teach, exhort, and edify mankind;
When on a summit, sacred and divine,
(Where pure Religion rears her holy shrine)
The mortal stands—and ev'ry eye shall claim
Some vital spark of the celestial flame;

Oh! then should Vice, with guilty touch, presume
The sacred part of Virtue to assume;
Oh! should she dare, unhallow'd and profane,
T' approach that altar she beholds in vain!
Not ev'n shall Mercy then, her sentence dread,
But turns from such a scene her beauteous head!—
The female flutt'ring heart, tho' blythe and gay,
Shrinks from the view, with horror and dismay!
Repays the Flatt'rer with a scorn severe,
And feels the pride of Virtue is sincere!

Oh thou vain wanderer from the path of bliss,
Whose feet have hasten'd to the dire abyss!
Mistaken man! ere Ruin prove thy choice,
Oh hear the Muse—and hear Reflection's voice!
Fly from the Tempter—the delusive snare—
To calm Retirement, Penitence, and Prayer.

Tho' flatt'ring Youth now gives her roseate hour,
And seems to silence sober Wisdom's power,
Well dost thou know, the scenes of gay delight
Shall vanish in the shades of endless night!
That syren eloquence, which gains repute,
Which charms surrounding numbers, shall be mute:
Nor Pleasure's song, nor Minstrels tuneful voice,
Shall bid the trembling ear of Death rejoice!
Far other scenes must bid our anguish cease,
Soft Angels sooth, and Conscience whisper PEACE!
Ah quickly go—fulfil thy awful part!
A charge tremendous weighs upon thy heart:
The helpless Orphan claims thy pious care,
The dying Penitent demands thy pray'r!
The heedless Youth — the fond, unthinking Maid,
By Flattery tempted, or by Love betray'd,
Or helpless Innocence, involv'd in strife,
Demands a pilot through the storms of life!

Ah! wouldst thou crush, or injure, or mislead —
The foul transgression would be black indeed!
Thine be the task, the senseless heart to warm,
To shew Religion in its fairest form;
And whilst thy wond'ring auditors admire,
Let gen'rous Zeal supply Ambition's fire.
Thy conscious Soul, by nobler aims engross'd,
Shall count the fleeting hours of pleasure lost —
Shall feel her worth, and view, with awful dread,
The fatal precipice from which she fled.

TO THE

MEMORY OF Mrs. SIMPSON,

OF BABWORTH, IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

1791.

Oh thou! whose mournful lyre can yield relief,
And still is faithful to the notes of grief!
Come pensive Muse! instruct me to reveal
What Nature's doom'd most exquisite to feel.
Teach me, oh plaintive Muse! in soothing strain,
To paint the object of a Mother's pain:

A Husband's poignant anguish to declare—
To paint the young, the virtuous, and the fair!
Snatch'd from those arms, that ever could enfold;
The melting eye, exulting to behold!
The ear that bless'd her, and the heart that knew—
The lovely HARRIET from the world withdrew!
Oh! she was rescued from a world of sin.
As fair without, as excellent within!—
The duteous Daughter, and the faithful Wife,
She cheer'd the intercourse of social life;
With many a gentle art, Retirement grac'd,
And varied Nature with the charms of Taste.
For her were Sense and Novelty combin'd,
The softest graces, with the firmest mind.—
That voice angelic—soothing, sweet and clear,
Alas! was too sublime for mortal ear:
Tun'd to the nobler strains of Joy Above,
Now may it sing of pure Celestial Love;

And pious Friendship dares not to deplore
The dulcet note that charms its grief no more.—

Nor time, fair nymph, nor silence can efface,
Each wond'rous talent—each peculiar grace.
Blest in a parent—oh! supremely blest!
Who form'd the feelings of thy youthful breast,
Who guided thought, and watchful of thy powr's,
Enrich'd the current of thy fleeting hours:
In tend'rest Innocence—in pliant Youth,
Thy piercing eye beheld the form of Truth.
No op'ning bud was lost—a Mother's care
Bestow'd the culture on a plant so fair!—
Oh thou! whose kindness—whose benignant aid,
Can bring forth Misery from its deepest shade!
Her trembling form can shelter and protect,
And rescue from the frowns of cold neglect;

Whose zeal can suff'ring Innocence display,
And gild its virtues with the light of day.
Oh Thou! whose bright example was design'd
To teach, reproach, and edify mankind!
How blest, ELIZA,* must thy pupil be;
How bright the virtue that was form'd by THEE.

And ye, sweet Innocents! who still retain
That precious care the orphan seeks in vain,
With such a Father, such a friend engross'd,
Oh may ye never feel a Mother lost!
Still may ye live, soft comfort to impart,
To sooth the anguish of a parent's heart:

* The late worthy and respected Lady ELIZABETH WORSLEY.

Oh! may ye learn, how far intrinsic worth
Can add new dignity to noble birth,
And piety sincere a balm can find,
To ease the anguish of the tend'rest mind!

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO

THE EARL OF BUTE,

ON HIS RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS ACCIDENT,

AT HIGH-CLIFF, IN HAMPSHIRE.

MARCH, 1791.

HIGH o'er the summit of th' impetuous main,
Where billows beat, and tempests rage in vain,
A tow'ring structure rears its princely form,
And mocks the vengeance of the angry storm! —
No festive bow'rs shall Luxury here produce,
No gay resorts for Folly's trivial use;

No voice of Riot here shall shake the dome,
Nor wild Intemp'rance mock the midnight gloom:
But Virtue mild, benignant and sincere,
In sacred silence; keeps her empire here.
—Escap'd from toils, from grandeur, and from strife,
And calmly shelter'd from the storms of life,
A gen'rous spirit, tranquil and serene,
With pure Devotion gilds the solemn scene;
Compos'd and fearless in the awful steep,
It marks the tumults of the foaming deep;
It hears that voice, which pierc'd the depths below,
And said—"Proud Waves! no further shall ye
"go!"—
When gentle CYNTHIA, with her silver light,
Gleams o'er the cliff, and gilds the mountain's
height;
A beauteous emblem, seems her tranquil form,
Of heav'nly Mercy smiling thro' the storm!

Nor rugged cliff, nor dawn, nor glowing day,
Nor dashing wave, nor ev'ning's modest ray,
Religion views in vain — but most, the hour
Of poignant suff'ring feels her gentle pow'r.
O'er the pale couch, she hangs with fervent care,
Prompts the faint smile, and forms the feeble pray'r!
For thee, oh BUTE, the lenient balm she brings,
And guards thy slumbers with her angel wings,
Till Heaven, with pity, lends its gracious ear,
And spares to Gratitude a life so dear!

Oh thou! whose virtues, noble and sublime,
Shall meekly triumph o'er the wrecks of Time;
Whose heav'n-born worth, a JACKSON shall reveal,
Who best can paint it, and who best can feel!
Tho' boundless truth thy active soul explores,
And sacred Science open'd all her stores,

Tho' fervent Genius forms its bold design,
And lib'ral Taste has made its treasure thine;
A nobler praise than Genius can inspire,
Warms the cold heart, and tunes the feeble lyre;
For Charity prepares her dulcet notes,
And soft in air etherial music floats.
Deep in the vale, where Mis'ry's mansion bare,
"Feels the keen question of the searching air,"
Where patient Sickness, or where cold Decay,
Steals the last pulse of trembling Life away!
Where care paternal spends its strength in vain,
The helpless crew of Sorrow to sustain;
Where gen'rous Love, still faithful and sincere,
Divides the morsel which it earn'd so dear!
In such a scene, where Flatt'ry never came,
Unenvy'd, BUTE may glory in his fame.

Soft as the sigh that Pity shall impart,
His name shall vibrate on the poor man's heart,
And dove-like Mercy, with an eagle's flight,
Shall bear its blessings to the Realms of Light.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MY HONOURED FATHER,

SIR W. YOUNG,

BART.

How shall the Muse her feeble verse impart,
Or speak the anguish of a Daughter's heart?
But oh! ere Death may chill the conscious lay,
(Lest honour'd Truth should seem Oblivion's prey)
'Tis fit the Muse thy gentle kindness rear'd,
Should pay one tribute to a friend rever'd! —
Tho' stung with follies, and with grief opprest,
Thy gen'rous kindness glows within my breast! —

Thy sweet benevolence, thy friendly worth,
Thy glowing eloquence, thy courteous mirth,
Thy spotless honour, thy ingenuous truth,
Blends with the mem'ry dear of early youth;
And praise, sweet praise, when to thy virtues giv'n,
Shall sooth my soul, like music sent from Heav'n!

To C * * * * *

ON HIS ACKNOWLEDGING AN ERROR IN HIS FIRST POETICAL COLLECTION.

As glowing Phœbus, with his morning beam,
Dispels the fiction of th' illusive dream;
So heav'nly Truth, with clear refulgent light,
Bursts through the gloom of intellectual night,
And pure with radiance from her morning sky,
Bids the pale form of cheerless Error fly.—
Blest be the day—for ever blest the hour!
When CARLO's breast confest her sacred pow'r!

The conscious Muse, her triumph shall impart —
A worthy off'ring is thy conquer'd heart:
Oh! may'st thou ever own her sacred claim,
And blend the Christian's with the Poet's name!

While servile Bards, their abject course pursue,
And Fashion gives the prize to Genius due;
While sordid Int'rest plays her odious part,
And makes the gen'rous Muse a Child of Art!
To praise — to blame — to flatter by design,
And form Dissimulation's flowing line:
While subtle Mischief, with destructive pow'rs,
Adorns the precipice with tempting flowers; —
Thine be the task, to guide unthinking Youth,
To scatter roses in the paths of Truth;
Thine be the task, fair Virtue to imprint,
And paint her graces with the softest tint!

With soothing care, the tortur'd Soul to calm,
And heal her wounds with Hope's delicious balm!—
Since here Adversity the storm shall bring,
To rend the plumage from her golden wing,
Canst not thou teach her, gentle Bard, to rise
On eagle pinions to her native skies?—
Approving Virtue won'd herself prepare
Th' immortal wreath to recompence thy care;
Tho' Nature frowns, serene shall be her light,
And beam resplendent thro' a world of night.

To Reason's view, the rich, the proud, the gay,
And life's deceiving trifles fade away;
Its Golden Prize, to Wisdom, seems entwin'd
Within the casket of the purest mind;
Best can it feel Affection's gentle pow'r,
The soothing welcome, and the social hour!—

May such be thine! till calm Reflection's ray
Shines o'er the ev'ning of thy golden day:
And oh! when Death its sable curtain draws,
May glorious Virtue find thee in her cause!

ON

ŒCONOMY.

Oh, Fair Œconomy! I bless thy way,
Undeck'd with chaplets fair or roses gay;
Tho' poor it seems, when all thy toils are past,
It leads to Honour, and to Bliss at last!
The friend of Charity—of Peace thou art,
And Justice clasps thee to her spotless heart!
Tho' homely is thy form—reserv'd thy air,
And seldom seen in festive sports to share,
Yet Wisdom's self partakes thy humble fare;
And cool Reflection marks thy sober mien,
With conscious dignity and smiles serene!

If ere thy frown some social joy denies,
'Tis but to make some nobler good thy prize!
Slow is thy step, but Patience leads the way,
And Hope, sweet Hope, illumes thee with its ray.

Whilst gay Extravagance, whate'er her pow'rs,
But decks the precipice with fading flow'rs,
Beguiles the wand'rer with seducing art,
And strikes the treach'rous dagger in his heart:
Despis'd ŒCONOMY! 'tis thine to gain,
What Passion seeks, and Genius courts in vain!—
Thou offspring of the Wisdom from Above,
Thou friend to Safety and to virtuous Love!
Oh! may the Friend I prize, thy graces view,
And bear thy frowns, to share thy blessings too.

LINES,

TO

The Rev. Dr. FORDYCE,

ON READING HIS SERMONS.

When kind Instruction thus exerts her care,
And paints Religion with a smile so fair,
When meekly wise, she trembles to reprove,
As firm as Wisdom, yet as mild as Love!
Then soft conviction, with resistless art,
Shall grave her precepts on the ductile heart,
Shall teach the pow'rs of Nature to unfold,
And turn, with potent touch, her dross to gold.

Oh thou! whose eloquence, inspir'd by Truth,
Attracts the ear of light unthinking Youth;
Oh thou! whose gen'rous, whose paternal care,
Leads the gay wanderer from each tempting snare;
When taught by Heaven and thee, her steps shall gain
The awful heights of Virtue's blest domain;
In that bright temple, where her vot'ries join,
A glorious recompence shall THERE be thine;
Her fairest daughters shall thy zeal proclaim,
And 'grave on adamant FORDYCE's Name!

LINES

TO

CANDOUR.

DECK'D with the graces of the morn,
When first her beauties smil'd,
Of Charity the eldest born,
Her first and dearest child!

Oh CANDOUR! come, with all thy charms,
Those beaming eyes display,
Whose soothing softness Rage disarms,
And makes Dejection gay.

Come, like a Cherub from Above,
Those envious clouds dispel,
The joyous glow of social Love,
'Tis thou alone canst tell.

Whilst Slander in the fairest spot
Selects the weeds with care,
'Tis thine to seek the shade forgot,
And find the blossom there.

Tho' Discord swells the angry storm,
To drown thy tuneful voice,
Soft thro' the tempest glides thy form,
And bids her foes rejoice!

When shiv'ring in a hostile land,
We see the Child of Care,

'Tis thine, with kind benignant hand,
To yield a shelter there.

'Tis thine, when ev'ry hope shall fail,
To wipe the falling tear,
And listen to his artless tale,
Tho' no one else should hear!

When Slander o'er its hapless theme,
Shall cast a black'ning hue,
'Tis thine to shed a softer gleam,
And shew perfections too.

The leer of Scorn — the poignant Smile,
The pois'nous Hint obscure,
The fatal Doubt, of import vile,
Ne'er sullied lips so pure!—

Shou'd Truth some horrid crime unfold,
Which thou art doom'd to hear,
Admiring angels might behold
Thy forc'd condemning tear!

This praise, oh CANDOUR! shall be thine,
Whate'er thy lot may be,
When Virtue truly is Divine,
She loves to dwell with THEE!

TO

THE MEMORY OF

MISS C. W****.

1792.

FAREWELL! sweet Maid! each flatt'ring hope is o'er!
Never — oh never, shall I view thee more!
As some fair lilly, but of transient worth,
Droops from its sever'd stalk to silent earth,
Such didst thou seem, when first my anxious view
Beheld thy form! so fair and fading too!
Alas! 'twas thine, unconscious to impart
The kindest wishes to a stranger's heart!

Mild Diffidence, with sweet retiring Grace,
Beam'd on the features of thy lovely face;
And heav'nly Patience cast its ray serene,
O'er the pale langour of thy artless mien.
Thy fleeting charms ev'n Envy might subdue,
Affliction touch'd them with so soft a hue! —
Oh, gentle CHARLOTTE! cou'dst thou fail to move?
Compassion view'd thee with a sister's love,
And melting Sympathy enforc'd thy claim,
To ev'ry wish compris'd in Friendship's name:
The heart that feels it — that alone can tell,
The nameless anguish of a last farewell!

Oh, gentle Hope! thy soft and trembling light,
No more shall now delude my anxious sight;
That pleasing form, which once its cares employ'd,
Has left around a dark and dismal void!

Methinks its semblance, but with softer grace,
Gleams with faint lustre o'er this mournful place!
By purer, heav'nly beams it seems to shine,
And all its native graces grow divine! —
Oh! may it thus a clear refulgence shed,
Round the pale visions of a parent's bed!
And kindly sooth the agonizing pain,
Which gen'rous Friendship wou'd suspend in vain.

Whilst Sympathy, dear maid, laments thy doom,
And all the Graces weep around thy tomb,
Whilst Love maternal yields its precious trust,
And Beauty casts her blossoms in the dust,
May pure Religion send its ray serene,
O'er the pale horrors of the cheerless scene!
That Power alone, benignant can supply
The fatal blank which meets a Father's eye! —

That Sacred Pow'r, which soothes impetuous strife,
The throbs of Misery and the storms of Life,
Ev'n in the Grave can blooming Hope prepare,
And save its votary from destruction there!

LINES,

LEFT AT NORTH HINTON, IN HAMPSHIRE.

1792.

WHOE'ER thou art! by Heaven's all-righteous pow'r,
Shall here ordain to pass the silent hour,
In these sequester'd shades, may Truth impart
Her purest, noblest lessons to thy heart!
And sweet angelic Hope, that balm disclose,
Which calm approving Virtue only knows:
If keen Remorse thy tortur'd soul corrode,
May Virtue lead thee to her bright abode!
From FEARON learn — in fervent JACKSON* view
Religion's power, and all her meekness too! —

* The Rev. WM. JACKSON, late vicar of Christ-Church, Hants.

And oh ! if Pity comes, a weeping guest,
Turn not, oh stranger, from her soft request ;
For Charity's dear sake, extend thy care
To the poor Orphan, and the Widow's pray'r !
The sweet remembrance, Sorrow shall disarm,
And give to barren wealth a nobler charm ;
That cordial, even in death, thy soul shall cheer,
And Mercy stand a smiling Angel near !

LINES,

ON THE PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE OF MY HONOURED MOTHER,

THE 14th OF DECEMBER, 1793:

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DAY.

REMEMBRANCE, on this conscious day,
With softest light shall shine,
And Gratitude's celestial ray
Shall make its beams divine!

For oh! from danger's awful brink,
ELIZA's form we see;
How from that giant foe we shrink,
Whene'er he aims at thee!

Oh! blest be Mercy's conq'ring powers!
Our heartfelt praise is due—
We felt ELIZA's danger ours,
And feel the rescue too!

LINES,

TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM HIBBS BEVAN, Esq.

OF LINCOLN'S-INN,

WHO DIED OCTOBER 13, 1794.

COME, bright ingenuous Truth, your loss deplore,
Come Friendship weep, for BEVAN is no more!
Come injur'd Innocence, that sought redress,
And heav'n-born Charity, that loves to bless,
And Gratitude—for ev'ry heart he knew,
His gen'rous cares might render grateful too!

Come round his grave — lament the awful doom,
Which laid your gentle patron in the tomb! —
Oh hapless Byfleet! never more your bow'rs,
Shall sooth the sweet retirement of his hours!
No more the tender Sire his day employs,
To trace with eager step his boasted joys,
Which centre in his wife and lovely boys;
While conscious Hope his sparkling eye wou'd cheer,
And say, his heart's delight was treasur'd here.
Dire was the stroke, unerring was the dart,
Which pierc'd the Father's, Friend's, and Husband's heart!
The Brother too!—and oh! resistless tore
The softest ties Affection ever wore —
The friend of social Ease and blameless Mirth,
Shall droop in sadness o'er his silent earth!

In feeble accents must the Muse declare,
The native worth which once was cherish'd there.
Clear was his judgment, and with wit refin'd,
And humble diffidence adorn'd his mind:
His modest wisdom glow'd, serenely bright,
Yet meekly shone, with no obtrusive light;
Like some fair star, it cast its beams around,
To guide the weak — the tim'rous not confound!
His courteous spirit found some gentle power,
To cheer the gloom that shades the social hour;
Ardent to serve, and lib'ral to commend,
The frank adviser, and the impartial Friend!
Each valued hour of life he seem'd to live,
And pardon'd wrongs, as Christian's can forgive!
Short was his race, by ling'ring Time unchill'd,
Yet righteous Heaven beheld his course fulfill'd;
Its sacred laws within his bosom glow'd,
And cheer'd the prospect till his last abode!

Oh thou! the dear companion of his soul,
Whose griefs in vain ev'n Friendship wou'd
controul!
While Sympathy bestows its gentlest art,
And Pity yields thee half her bleeding heart.
Soft be thy tears — since him thou dost lament,
Has left the mem'ry of a life well spent.—
Oh dear Remembrance! in thy conscious breast,
'Twill yield the future hour of virtuous rest;
Soft as seraphic sounds, 'twill charm thy grief,
And that which points the sting will bring relief.
Oh may the charm, which op'ning Virtue wears,
Supply a Mother's breast with gentlest cares!
Devotion too — no frighted stranger there,
Demands the mourner for her tend'rest care:

Religion speaks — she speaks of Peace Divine—
'Tis her's alone to conquer woes like thine,
And point sweet Hope to that celestial shore,
Where Love, immortal grown, shall weep no more!

LINES

ON THE COLD WEATHER,

WRITTEN IN A SEVERE WINTER.

1795.

Oh ye! who sport with Plenty's shining hoard,
Or share sweet Friendship's hospitable board,
Feel for the wretch, congeal'd, in yonder plain,
Who seeks the shelter of his home in vain!
Feel for the Mother, who with pangs opprest,
Still guards the infant, freezing at her breast;
And oh! while slumbers seal its eye-lids fast,
Dreads lest that deep repose shou'd prove its last.—

Oh feel for HER, by filial duty led,
Who quits her hopes, to watch a Parent's bed!
Feel for the Peasant, if ye aught can feel,
Who with his children shares the scanty meal;
In such a scene, Love only is not froze,
"'Tis still the warmth his little cottage knows!"
Whilst gaudy Pride (tho' Luxury may impart
Its choicest gifts) is frozen at the heart.

Come, joyous Plenty! from thy heights descend,
Come, like an angel, as the poor man's friend;
Come to the shiv'ring captive's kind relief,
And warm the votary of consuming grief:
'Tis Mercy calls thee, with resistless air,
And such a smile as graceful cherubs wear!
She calls thee far from Grandeur's envied lot,
To view the tenant of the homely cot,

Whose gentle partner vainly may require
The cheering blaze, that warm'd his drooping fire.
'Tis thine, oh blest Distinction! to impart
Unnumber'd comforts to the suff'rers heart!
'Tis thine the pangs of hunger to assuage,
To ease the miseries of declining age!
His pray'r shall bless thee, and when griefs corrode,
Shall reach thy bosom in the rich abode,
Shall add a nobler treasure to thy store,
And charm, when gay carousals please no more.

THE

FABLE OF THE DOGS.

1796.

Now swift upon the wings of Fame,
The dismal news triumphant came,
And round the fatal rumour spread,
That ev'ry Dog must lose his head.
Yet now, as Mercy still entreated,
Ere Policy her work compleated,
She summon'd ev'ry dog of sport,
Of pride, or profit, into court,
And call'd the miscreants to produce
Their names, their quality, and use;
Resolv'd no quarter to afford,
To such as paid not for their board.

But banish ev'ry worthless hound
To some dark corner under ground.—
This little scheme was Mercy's doing,
She gain'd this point to save their ruin,
And still maintain'd the cause with vigour,
That more than dogs wou'd feel the rigour.

The day was fix'd, the crew assembled,
And ev'ry dog with horror trembled!—
With stately air, and sober look,
The Mastiff first his station took;
Of Tuscan order, not for grace,
For solid use he shew'd his place;
He seem'd for courtesy unfit,
For lively sports and games of wit,
Yet something dignified and bold,
In his grim looks you might behold!

And many a witness cou'd produce
An item to declare his use:
His thund'ring voice, in midnight clear,
Had struck the ruffian's heart with fear,
And turn'd, by Heaven's decree, the knife,
Once levell'd at his master's life! —
No lurking bribe, with art insidious,
Had ever made him once perfidious:
What tho' his manners might be gruff!
He play'd his part, and that's enough.—
With conscious pride he gain'd his due,
And slowly from the court withdrew.

With spotted coat, and velvet ears,
The Spaniel next in form appears;
Soft was the language of his eye,
And mild as Gratitude's reply;

His silken hair, his gentle pace,
Proclaim'd him courtier of his race!
His darling wish, his fav'rite plan,
To follow still the steps of man.
Tho' form'd for sports, his curious art
He gave to man, with willing heart;
For him the copse he oft explor'd,
And watch'd him both at bed and board;
With mild, engaging, pleasing airs,
He sooth'd his langour and his cares;
His wayward humours — all he bore!
The Spaniel sigh'd, and said no more.—
What rig'rous heart cou'd sign his doom?
He shook his ears and scamper'd home.

With looks, where strength with beauty blended,
And gentle courtesy attended,

While ev'ry dog his passage clear'd,
The great Newfoundland next appear'd;
He seem'd unwilling to assert
His native worth, and high desert.—
With ev'ry quality endow'd,
Of which the Mastiff seem'd so proud;
Possess'd of all those winning ways,
That form the Spaniel's gentle praise,
He said he plac'd his chief renown in,
That once he sav'd a man from drowning!
His master told the strange event,
And own'd his dog the instrument.
The court pronounc'd a loud reprieve—
The pris'ner bow'd, and took his leave.

Next came the Pointer, bold and pert,
With bloodshot eyes and looks alert;

Around the eager sportsmen stood,
And vow'd to save him, if they cou'd;
They told his parentage and birth,
And said the country knew his worth,
For manly sports, with firm allegiance,
He paid his master strict obedience;
Fatigue and hunger he endur'd,
And skilfully his prey secur'd:
With gen'ral plaudits, hoarse and loud,
Poor Cæsar hobbled thro' the crowd.
The tenants of the grove alone,
Declar'd their fav'rite hope was gone,
They flew, with conscious fears dismay'd,
And vanish'd in the deepest shade!

With softest fur, and ears of silk,
And nicest paws, as white as milk,

With looks most elegantly neat,
The Lapdog next assumes his seat!
Keen was the look, and fierce the frown,
Which seem'd resolv'd to crush him down;
Yet still, tho' much the sentence fearing,
He begg'd to have a patient hearing,
Some room for mercy might be shewn him—
And call'd a witness who had known him!
A Cat demure, of colour grey,
Who now infirm and helpless lay,
Declar'd—tho' foe to all his crew—
That much he scorn'd a bribe, she knew;
When sick or sad his mistress lay,
She knew he nurs'd her all the day,
And even to growl, he often ventur'd,
Whenever bold intruders enter'd!
With soft domestic, pleasing pow'rs,
He cheer'd her solitary hours;

He shared her walks — shou'd Malice teaze her,
He play'd a thousand tricks to please her;
Close by her side he softly crept,
And watch'd her slumbers while she slept;
His piercing voice announc'd the stranger,
And gave alarm in time of danger!—
Thus spoke the witness, most demurely,
And said she came for Justice purely;
Nor spoke the whisker'd friend in vain,
The case, the evidence was plain!
The wond'ring court, her pow'rs confest,
And spared Fidelio, like the rest!

And now, to paint each various sort,
Which rose tumultuous in the court,
And all their sev'ral claims display'd,
In field, in buildings, and in shade,

The Muse declares herself unequal,
And quick must hasten to the sequel.

A dog, of coarse plebian mould,
Obscure and hideous to behold!
Of shaggy coat, and looks forlorn,
Which rais'd the gen'ral smile of scorn,
Amidst the murmurs of the crew,
Came forth, distinguish'd to the view;
With modest looks, yet not dismay'd,
His rev'rence to the court he paid,
And thus, with anguish in his breast,
His artless sentiments express'd: —
" I see, alas! a gen'ral gloom,
" Portends my miserable doom!
" I frankly own my vulgar breed—
" I boast no rhetoric to succeed;

" No softness in my look appears—
" All rough my coat, and cropt my ears!
" No carpets am I us'd to tread,
" The cold and moisten'd earth my bed!
" Yet still—tho' humble is my lot,
" A friend I have in yonder cot!—
" Ah, know! that poverty and cares,
" Weigh to the grave his silver hairs!
" 'Tis mine, with pride I must reveal,
" To share his solitary meal,
" 'Tis mine, when Labour's task is o'er,
" To give a welcome at his door,
" And closely watch his little store.
" Twas mine to sooth his furrow'd brow—
" Alas!—he feels my absence now!—
" No plea of excellence I make:
" But spare me for my master's sake!—
" Or if my sentence be decreed,
" Oh let some other dog succeed,

" As firm, as faithful and sincere,
" And Tray shall die — without a tear."

He ceas'd! — and lo! a gen'ral pause,
Proclaim'd a heartfelt, deep applause!
From Pity's eye, a tear there fell —
Ah! who cou'd think he'd plead so well? —
" Go, gen'rous dog," the court exclaim'd,
" And gain the victory you have claim'd!
" Oh fear not malice, nor disaster,
" Go — prove a comfort to your master!"

The judge declar'd the trial p'er,
'Twere shameful to detain them more;
In ev'ry dog that told his case,
There seem'd such merit in his place,
She said that praise on each must fall,
And gave ACQUITTAL to them ALL!

THE SQUIRREL

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THO' better form'd a pen to nibble,
Than bless'd with art to write and scribble,
I'll do my best, with some assistance,
To charm my mistress at a distance,
And praise (if ere these lines shou'd find her)
The guardian she has left behind her.—
Whene'er, by tender fears engross'd,
I think my mistress I have lost,

When round in vain, my eyes I cast,
And find the mournful change aghast!
There comes a gentle friend, officious,
Who gives me morsels most delicious!
Either to please my heart's desire,
She roasts me chesnuts by the fire,
Or if she thinks 'twill please my palate,
She brings me lettuce, nuts, and sallad!
When rous'd from sleep, I shew my rage,
And spurn the bound'ries of my cage,
Whene'er my motions seem to need 'em,
I taste the precious hours of freedom.
No whisker'd foe, with gooseberry eyes,
My hours of frolic shall surprize.—
With trembling heart, and fears of danger,
Indeed, I've seen a tabby stranger,
A youngling of the race (with sorrow)
Which ev'ry Squirrel views with horror!

But oh! with Friendship, my reliance,
I bid her crooked arts defiance! —
Tho' awkward visitors might choke me,
I let your gentle sister stroke me,
And hope she feels a condescension,
Which even now I blush to mention!—
Tho' guarded thus, from terrors free,
My mistress! still I sigh for thee!
For thee I feel unusual fears,
At ev'ry noise I prick my ears!
And oh! howe'er by others frighted,
Must ever hear thy voice delighted!
For thee, thy Squirrel now prepares
His softest, most engaging airs.
Tho' nicest wool my cage shou'd line,
And golden bars around shou'd shine,
Tho' even my friends and near relations,
Shou'd come from all the distant nations,

Tho' foreign nuts shou'd tempt me too,
(Sweet as the soil where once they grew)
My mistress wou'd I long to hug,
And be thy humble servant Scug.

[This was a North American Squirrel.]

THE

PEASANT TO HIS DOG,

OCCASIONED BY A RUMOUR OF THE DOG TAX,

IN APRIL, 1796.

My faithful Dog! and must we part
In life's declining day,
So old and constant as thou art,
And like thy master, grey?

Poor humble partner of my lot,
With mild beseeching eye,
I thought, beneath my wretched cot,
The great might let thee lie!

Small are thy wishes, small thy needs,
And coarse thy scanty fare,
But more, alas! tho' Mercy pleads,
Thy master cannot spare!

Meek watcher of my humble store,
Thy merits all I own,
And hear thy welcome at my door,
And hear thy parting moan!

I hear'd thy shrill, indignant bark.
When worthless paupers came,
Too fierce and honest in the dark
For any bribes to tame!

As once I slumber'd on the heath,
A ruffian sought the way,

Then didst thou rouse my ear from death,
And turn his steps away.

When dawn of day wou'd softly peep,
It was thy practice still,
To wake thy master from his sleep,
To climb the neigh'bring hill.

'Twas something in the woes of life,
Depriv'd of friends most dear—
'Twas something in this world of strife!
To find a Dog sincere!

Ah! little can the poor man shew
His heavy hours to bless!
May Heaven forgive the cruel foe,
Who makes that little LESS!

Perchance, 'tis Rumour's busy voice,
Alarms my fearful breast!
For Grandeur, sure, wou'd scorn the choice,
To rob a poor man's rest!

A heart, where Charity excells,
Has deign'd our cause to plead—
Bless'd be the owner where it dwells,
And blest the gen'rous deed!

But oh! if still the die be cast,
My Dog! I'll not repine,
For Death must be thy lot at last,
And Heaven will pity mine!

ON THE DEATH OF A

ROBIN RED-BREAST,

WHO PERISHED IN AN APARTMENT WHERE HE CAME FOR SHELTER.

Sweet, gentle Bird! whose shiv'ring breast,
When dreary snows had chill'd the plain,
To Pity came, a gentle guest!
Nor ask'd a shelter there in vain.

Sweet bird! whose soft endearing pow'r,
By Gratitude more pleasing grew!

'Twas thine to charm the weary hour,
And cheer thy benefactor too;

To sooth him with thy warbling lay,
With playful tricks his smile to win,
And frowning Care flew far away,
When gentle Robin once came in!

But oh! the killing winter soon
Has pierc'd, within the keen abode,
Even there where Pity gave its boon,
Ev'n there where Gratitude has glow'd!

And both shall now bestow a tear,
(Tho' more, alas! they cannot do)
They smil'd on Robin's short career,
They pay him now their last adieu!

Benevolence itself shall bless
The tear, which kindly now shall fall,
'Tis her's the stranger to caress —
'Tis Charity's TO FEEL FOR ALL.

A

RELIGIOUS SUPPLICATION.

OH THOU! whose sacred Light in Darkness beam'd!
Whose Grace supports us—and whose Love redeem'd!—
Complete within my soul thy blest design,
And make my struggling heart for ever Thine!

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

1797.

SURE all Creation seems to join,
And speak the Season is Divine!
" The spangled Heavens — a shining frame —
" Their Great Original proclaim!"
The glitt'ring stars illume the earth,
Once honour'd with a SAVIOUR's Birth.
Resplendent, awful, and serene,
Majestic Order decks the scene;
And almost may the list'ning ear,
The tuneful harps of Seraphs hear! —
Oh, Harmony! thy note is Love!
And sure thy triumph was Above,
When from the azure Courts of Heav'n,
A SAVIOUR to Mankind was given!

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

HAIL, sacred Day! thy glorious light
Makes all Creation seem more bright!
Dispels the Winter's heavy gloom,
And raises Sorrow from the tomb!

Pale Resignation's humble cot,
By Grandeur and the world forgot,
Shall feel the splendour of thy ray,
And bid her patient sons be gay.

Where Poverty her toil pursues,
And still her daily task renews,
Tho' Nature droops — thy beams shall shine
All pure, refreshing, and Divine!

Ev'n in the dark and doleful way,
Where fierce Despair delights to stray,
'Tis THINE a sunshine to impart,
To warm his desolated heart!

Oh bright Religion! thou canst bless,
Canst draw him from his dark recess,
And open treasures to his view,
Which boasting Grandeur never knew!

Tho' earthly friends shou'd all forsake,
A glorious path he still may take,
Where beams of Mercy he may share,
And find HIS DEAR REDEEMER THERE!

DECEMBER 25, 1799.

WRITTEN AT THE RECTORY, AT BYFLEET.

WITNESS ye Skies — oh Earth give ear —
Behold a host of Angels near!
They speak a Truth of matchless worth,
The hour that gave a SAVIOUR birth!
The deepest shades of Night, profound,
Shall echo with the glorious sound!

TO A RESPECTABLE

POETICAL GENTLEMAN,

WHO CONCEALED HIS TALENTS

FROM THE WORLD.

WHEN Genius glows with Fancy's vivid flame,
And speaks of arts, or arms, or Love's soft claim—
Then shou'd the Muse, with gen'rous fears dismay'd,
Retire from Flatt'ry to Oblivion's shade;
Then shou'd she shrink from Envy's scowling gaze,
Or even the cheering smile of honest praise:
Ah! who shall dare her secret haunts pursue?
In yielding Fame, she gains our friendship too.—

But oh! when kindling with celestial light,
Exalted Genius takes a nobler flight,
When rising from the damps of mould'ring clay,
She soars with eagle wings to endless day!
When Truth resplendent darts its golden beam,
Thro' all the glowing tints of Fancy's theme,
When bright Religion shall its influence dart,
And soft'ning numbers guide it to the heart—
Oh then let conscious Diffidence beware!
For Charity forbids her entrance there!—
A nobler Pow'r—to Vanity unknown,
Would yield to others what it feels its own;
With sweet diffusive art, and language clear,
'Twou'd speak of hope and comfort far and near;
And oh! if praise a gen'rous pang shou'd wake,
'Twou'd bear that evil for Religion's sake!

TO THE

MEMORY OF MY FRIEND,

Mrs. ELIZABETH COLBERG.

1798.

While filial tenderness, with grief sincere,
Pours o'er her last remains the honour'd tear,
While Love connubial, heaves the heartfelt groan,
And claims from Pity's lute her softest tone;
One faithful tribute, o'er the silent earth,
Shall Friendship pay to Patience and to Worth! —
Oh gentle friend! from Myra dost thou claim
This humble off'ring to thy modest fame.

Oft hast thou check'd invading Sorrow's course,
And sooth'd the troubled mind with sweet discourse:
Thy native truth, thy virtues well she knew,
And rooted on Esteem, Affection grew!
In glowing numbers, plaintive wou'd she tell
Of native excellence, belov'd so well.
But oh! how vain — in various scenes of life,
To paint the Friend unchang'd—the faithful Wife!
The tender Parent too — whose pious care
Rear'd the young plant, a nobler soil to share,
And trembling taught the infant heart to bow
To that Almighty Power, which guards it now!
Still may it own Him — merciful and just!
The Mother's treasure and the mourner's trust!

Thy virtuous resignation — gentle Saint!
Thy silent suff'ring hours, without complaint;

And ev'ry deed that Charity inspir'd,
Its ardent zeal, its sympathy untir'd!
Its soothing welcome, and its gen'rous sighs,
The pray'r which rais'd thy spirit to the skies,
From righteous Heaven was surely meant to prove
A nobler recompence than human love!

When anguish, with a ling'ring, slow decay,
Consum'd the feeble springs of life away,
While filial sorrow watch'd the fainting breath,
And trembling, linger'd round the bed of death;
Wherefore in silence was the pang suppress'd?
But Faith engrav'd its promise on thy breast!
And ev'n thro' anguish — thro' the shades of night,
There beam'd the splendour of the Christian light!—
Oh! may we all enjoy that ray divine,
And meet our sentence with a Hope like THINE.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUTCHESS OF YORK.

BEYOND all titles, dignity, and birth,
Oh, lovely Princess! shines thy native worth!
Thy noble Consort, whom the world admires,
Enjoys each deed thy charity inspires;
For Christian Virtue, with refulgent ray,
Gleams, with benignant lustre, o'er thy way!—
Had Heav'n assign'd thee far an humbler lot,
Still had it sparkled in the lowly cot:
But more it kindles from the mountain's height,
And spreads with nobler pow'rs its radiant light!

LINES,

ON HEARING OF THE CONDUCT OF

ADMIRAL DUNCAN,

AFTER A SIGNAL VICTORY OVER THE DUTCH,

FLEET,

OCTOBER 11, 1797.

How great was DUNCAN! when in conquest's hour,
His conscious heart confess'd a higher Pow'r!
Whose noble mind, his GOD alone cou'd fill,
And ev'n by victory 'twas unconquer'd still!

With glory crown'd, he call'd his valiant crew,
To yield that homage from the Christian due!*
There shone the HERO, in his brightest form,
—He own'd his refuge 'mid the raging storm;
And shew'd his friends—his foes, who yet might
live,
A surer harbour than the world can give!

* Alluding to a devout Thanksgiving returned by Admiral DUNCAN after the Victory.

ON THE NUPTIALS OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL, WITH THE DUKE OF WIRTEMBERG.

WHILST Pomp and Splendour mark thy joyous way,
Accept, fair Princess! of an humble lay!
To aid thy charms, and deck thy lovely form,—
Whilst Taste and Genius shall their task perform,
And sparkling gems, the dazzled eye shall win,—
Bright as their lustre, be thy hopes within!
May princely WIRTEMBERG the treasure own,
And prize the gem he won from England's Throne;
(A throne where Virtue sits in regal state,
Ennobling Pomp with honour truly great)
Whilst courteous smiles adorn thy gentle brow,
And bless the foreign clime which claims thee now.

ON THE DEATH OF

THE REV. DR. FORDYCE.

1799.

BLEST be his memory! whose illumin'd page,
May check the follies of a future age!
When Genius in the cause of Virtue shines,
On adamant are wrought the golden lines;
Nor Time, nor Pow'r, nor Envy can destroy
The noble work, which Angels might enjoy!—
Where Truth's immortal champions war with Vice,
Thy name shall ever shine, oh great FORDYCE!
And oh! whilst Justice shall record thy zeal,
For bright Religion—for thy country's weal—

Remembrance mingles, with a soften'd tear,
The glowing virtues of the friend sincere!
The gen'rous welcome, which thy look declar'd,
The cordial smile thy HENRIETTA shared,
Mem'ry shall trace — while Resignation too,
O'er all thy griefs its gentle shadow threw! —
Firm in affliction — sure thy conscious breast,
Felt the pure Faith thy trembling lips express'd;
And Christian Hope — tho' humble, yet serene,
Cast its soft lustre o'er thy closing scene!

ON THE DEATH OF

LADY DARELL,

WIFE OF SIR LIONEL DARELL.

She's gone!—ah gone!—whilst Gratitude sincere,
Shall weep luxuriant o'er its Darell's bier!
Whilst soft Affection mourns its tend'rest friend,
The Child of Poverty her sighs shall blend;
And Youth with Age its falt'ring praise shall join,
Where never Flattery rear'd its hollow shrine.
Blest be the Christian Hope!—each kindness giv'n,
Shall add new lustre to a saint in Heaven.—

Oh! may that thought a lenient balm impart,
And sooth the anguish of each wounded heart!
Since Heaven's eternal promise guards the just,
While pious Hope, with bright unfailing trust,
Shall plant her fairest blossoms in the DUST.

EPITAPH ON

Mr. RICHARD SMITH, Surgeon,

OF CHERTSEY.

The friend of all—embalm'd in Virtue's tears,
Sinks to the grave, mature and full of years!
A spirit mild, beneficent and true,
With worthy Smith from this vain world withdrew.
—Goodness survives, when Nature sinks to rest,
And stamps her image on each feeling breast!
Secure, oh Smith! tho' modest is thy fame,
And soothing comfort shall attend thy name;
For Hope attends the mem'ry of the just,
And they shall rise in triumph from the dust!

TO THE MEMORY OF

LADY ELIZABETH WORSLEY.

JANUARY, 1800.

SAY! shou'd we mourn thee! oh exalted saint?
Tho' gen'rous Friendship pours its mild complaint,
Tho' Gratitude, with soft assiduous care,
Seeks for thy grave, and strews its roses there;
Say, should we mourn thee? by Almighty Power
Releas'd, in mercy, from the suff'ring hour!
Ah no! thy Christian virtues shall impart
A balm most lenient, while they wound the heart;
Thy Piety sincere—thy Friendship true,
Thy Charity, retir'd from public view!

Thy gen'rous kindness! eager to select
The worthy object of the world's neglect,
With ev'ry excellence that shone confest,
Shall glow, with memory, in the conscious breast.
Sweet is the Hope that bright Religion gives! —
We know in Death — that our REDEEMER lives!
And those like thee, who patiently endure,
Tho' Nature fails, shall find HIS PROMISE SURE.

TO THE

MEMORY OF A BELOVED HUSBAND,

THE REV. GEORGE SEWELL,

RECTOR OF BYFLEET, SURREY.

1801.

OH thou! whose memory in my tortur'd brain,
And in my wounded heart must still remain!
What can support us, when by Heaven's decree,
We part with some dear object, lov'd, like thee!
What can support us, but Religion's power,
Which beams, serenely, thro' the darkest hour,
And prostrate, when in dust the mourner lies,
Lifts the dim eye, imploring to the skies?

Then shines the Christian Hope—oh ever blest!
Still on that Rock my trembling soul shall rest!
That once lov'd voice, which sung celestial love,
Now may it join the heav'nly choir above!
And that sweet spirit, which with Mercy crown'd,
So oft diffused fair Gratitude around,
May now, from cares and human weakness free,
Oh bright REDEEMER! ever dwell with THEE!
Whilst Angels in seraphic welcomes join,
And greet him with a nobler love than mine!—
Oh dear Remembrance! at his last release,
Kind was the messenger of Heav'nly Peace!—
Almighty Goodness, at that awful hour,
Display'd its mercy, while we felt its pow'r;
—Thankful I bow for ev'ry comfort given,
And yield the treasure of my hopes to HEAVEN!

CHRISTIAN FORTITUDE.

FEARLESS and firm, in anguish some have stood,
Whilst savage Cruelty has drank their blood!—
See the pale Stoic, to fulfil his part,
Must harden ev'ry nerve within his heart:
In walls of adamant, uprear'd by Pride,
Unmov'd he views a suff'ring world beside;
Whilst the fierce Indian, calm in stern repose,
Mocks at his mis'ry, and defies his foes!—
Not so—RELIGION!—arm'd with Hope secure,
She bears distress, as angels might endure!
Meek, yet undaunted—with celestial mien,
She walks majestic thro' Affliction's scene.
No savage Pride—no sullen dark Despair—
But humble Resignation marks her there!

She yields access to ev'ry virtuous claim,
To Pity's tear, and soft Affection's name.
In fearing GOD, she knows no other fear,
And for a SAVIOUR's sake the world is dear!
— Such is the courage Christian Faith can yield,
" When Saints expire, and Martyrs take the field."

Almighty Power! — I feel 'tis only THINE,
From all their dross our Virtues to refine,
And ev'n exalt our Nature to Divine!

ON THE DEATH OF LADY MARY, AND HER SISTER, LADY JULIA COLYEAR.

JUNE, 1800.

As two fair flow'rets, of congenial worth,
Drop from the parent stem to silent earth!
Thus, the fair COLYEARS, in their early bloom,
Sink, cold and lifeless, to the senseless tomb! —
Yet Charity shall THERE her off'rings bring,
The sweetest flow'rets of the breathing spring:
There filial Piety, with watchings pale,
Shall meekly tell the world her artless tale,

And Christian Hope, to deck the mournful scene,
Shall plant her bright and beauteous evergreen!
She speaks of comfort! oh! may this impart
A soothing lesson to the mourner's heart!
—Tho' Virtue seems to fade to mortal eyes,
Her charms shall bloom, transplanted to the skies!

TO THE

MEMORY OF MY HONOURED MOTHER,

LADY YOUNG, OF CHERTSEY ABBEY.

SEPT. 1801.

Tho' Heaven recalls her from this world of woe,
Where Death shall lay our tend'rest wishes low,
Soft as the visions of celestial light,
A Mother's once-lov'd image meets my sight!

Alas! how lately, in the widow'd hour,
She came — a messenger of Mercy's power!
— Torn from the darling object of my heart,
She touch'd its wounds with soft sagacious art,
And with a look, where angel Pity glow'd,
She call'd the mourner to her kind abode. —

For ev'ry woe her gen'rous bosom felt,
And in her smile a heav'nly sweetness dwelt!
Tho' form'd to grace the gay and festive hour,
She bless'd repose, and priz'd Reflection's hour;
And many a scene, by bounteous Nature grac'd,
She deck'd with charms of elegance and taste!
Ah! MORE she grac'd it, when the infant crew,
To share her gentle gifts with rapture flew!
And Mis'ry from her hand obtain'd relief,
With all that sympathy so dear to Grief —

Whilst here on earth — on earth she scarcely trod,
So perfectly she gave her soul to GOD ! —
Firm and resign'd, with holy Faith to cheer,
The humble Christian bore her trials here ;
And Patience with its mild celestial ray,
Shone o'er the eve of her departing day.

Oh ever-lov'd, and ever-honour'd shade !
Faint is the tribute by Affection paid ;
But filial Love, with Virtue's precious tear,
Have meekly join'd on thy lamented bier ! —
Tho' vanish'd hence, whilst Mem'ry's pow'r shall dwell,
Ne'er can my heart pronounce a last farewell.—
Still the dear Husband — still the Mother's form,
Must softly gleam thro' life's eventful storm !

And Hope celestial glows with fervent ray,
Though life and all its visions melt away.—
As pilgrims here, thro' thorny paths we roam,
But still Redeeming Love averts our doom,
And guides our footsteps to a brighter home!

To * * * * *

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

FROM bounteous Heaven, as early show'rs are found,
With wond'rous pow'r to fertilize the ground;
Thus, oft the heavy storms of grief and woe,
Bid the sweet buds of heav'nly virtue blow;
They glow with thee, ASPASIA!—May they bring
A glorious harvest—an unfading spring!

TO

ALPHONSO.

Oh thou! whose speech might gain applause,
And triumph in Religion's cause,
Ah! deem not Wit, with sparkling light,
Will ere eclipse a sun so bright!
Whose radiant power can grief controul,
And yield a sunshine to the soul!
Would Genius then, its art display,
To cast a shadow o'er the day?—
A midnight gloomy and profound,
Our way with darkness to confound?

Would Genius then obstruct our view,
And plant a thorn where roses grew?
Or snatch, with vile infernal force,
The staff from Misery in its course?—
Inglorious triumph! To succeed,
Were here but infamy indeed!
And what but ruin must pursue
The victor, and the vanquish'd too?

For thee! whose eloquence and youth,
Might charm us in the cause of Truth!
Oh! trust not Fancy's feeble ray,
To guide thro' life's declining way!
The dreary wilderness shall spread—
The storm may blacken round thy head!
There's One to hear thy deep complaints,
Tho' friends forsake, and Nature faints.

When oh! the vet'ran Soldier true,
Who ne'er the fears of danger knew,
Or quak'd to hear the cannon roar,
Shall (landed on his native shore)
Enjoy the social, dear repast,
And drop a tender tear at last!
Come Charity! thou Child of Love!
Come from thy azure seat Above!
With pious Gratitude's delight,
And gen'rous Loyalty unite.
So shall the glowing tribute rise,
An incense worthy to the skies!

LINES,

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO HIS MAJESTY, ON THE BLESSING OF PEACE.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING OF 1802.

WHILE Peace, with animated strain,
Re-echoes on the rural plain,
And decks fair Spring's reviving scene,
With fairer flow'rs and brighter green!
Whilst ev'n the fading cheek of woe,
With pious gratitude shall glow,
And War, content with past renown,
To Mercy yields his laurel crown!

When Joy puts on her festive suit,
Shall Loyalty alone be mute?
No! to our gracious Monarch's ear,
Its humblest tribute shall be dear!
—Its prayer, each bright revolving day,
Implores a blessing on his way;
Whilst fearless Duty marks its own,
To change and rebel Pride unknown;
And when th' inspiring note of Praise,
Its homage to the sky shall raise,
With Gratitude's seraphic flame,
Still may we blend our Sov'reign's name!

ON SOME OF OUR TROOPS COMING TO CHERTSEY AFTER THE WAR.

WRITTEN IN 1802.

WHILST heav'nly Mercy's tuneful voice,
Shall bid enraptur'd crowds rejoice,
High shall those warlike ranks appear,
Who gain'd their laurels once so dear!
And fought, sweet Peace! thro' dire dismay,
And fields of blood, to find thy way.—
Go Fame! with eloquence sublime,
Proclaim the heroes of this time!
Tell them, in ev'ry honest heart,
The gen'rous Soldier claims a part!—

His suff'ring wounds to Heav'n are dear,
And doubly shall his laurels cheer,
When shelter'd from the angry blast,
They grace the olive wreath at last!

Oh may Religion's heav'nly power,
Bestow her everlasting flower!
So may its radiant beauties bloom,
Beyond the darkness of the tomb,
And shine immortal, bright and gay,
When other wreaths shall fade away!

A HYMN.

WRITTEN IN MARCH, 1802.

My Saviour! let thy heav'nly Grace,
My mournful thoughts controul;
Oh! may thy radiant light efface
The darkness of my soul!

For ne'er did Love, in gentler strain,
The balm of comfort give—
'Tis thine to heal our deepest pain,
Who died that we might live!

To Heaven be ev'ry wish resign'd,
Which fondly once I knew,
And teach me, with an humble mind,
To yield my sorrows too!

ON THE DEATH OF

CHARLES PEMBROKE, Esq.

OF CHERTSEY.

1802.

WHILST Sense and Genius, mourn a patron fled,
And Friendship weeps him with the silent dead!
Whilst deeper anguish, with its keenest dart,
Has pierc'd, alas! the virtuous widow's heart! —
Let conscious Truth proclaim, with ardour due,
How nobly PEMBROKE from the world withdrew!
With gentle kindness, dignified, serene!
He cheer'd the mourners at his closing scene,

And from his lips such precious accents flow'd,
As Love shall treasure to its last abode !
Ah! comfort there, with soothing charm shall dwell,
And heal the anguish of a last farewell !—
In that sad hour, when feeble Nature fails,
The Man, the Christian — and his God prevails !
Th' immortal soul, as conscious of its worth,
Inspires the last remains of feeble earth,
And shews some soft regret—as trav'llers cast
A tender look o'er scenes they fondly pass'd,
But still a brighter home attracts their sight,
And calls them to the realms of purer light.

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR RICHARD SUTTON.

DECEMBER, 1802.

IN those bright scenes, where Mercy dwells above,
Warm'd with the lustre of Redeeming Love!
There may the soul, refin'd, of SUTTON dwell,
Who practis'd here its sacred laws so well! —
To Heaven supreme, we yield the friend we prize,
Tho' planted in the grave, sweet Hope shall rise,
And bear its fruit immortal in the skies.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN MILBANK, ESQ. SON OF THE LATE SIR RALPH MILBANK.

WRITTEN BY PARTICULAR REQUEST OF THE AUTHOR'S SISTER.

MILD were his sorrows! dignified — serene,
And graceful Resignation touch'd his mien,
Whilst Love paternal cast its soft'ning glow,
O'er the dark scene of suff'ring and of woe.—
Come, spotless Truth, thy flow'rs shou'd ever bloom,
With sweets unfading, o'er thy MILBANK's tomb!

—Oh virtuous Spirit! form'd on earth to prove
The purest energy of faithful Love!
To find a nobler state must yield, sincere,
That heartfelt peace which oft is wounded here!
Friendship shall ever prize thy honour'd fame,
And blend with thine her lov'd CORNELIA'S name!

THE

MOTHER's INVITATION.

Oh come! my feeble arms I spread—
It is thy Mother calls, my child!
Thy gentle home thou need'st not dread,
For Mercy it is meek and mild!

Thy famish'd, hollow looks I've seen,
Thy trembling steps, unknown to thee!
Thy pallid cheek, and wretched mien,
Have cancell'd all thy wrongs to me!

Oh! turn thee from the fatal snare,
Which led thee from my hopes astray;

For all thy dreams are now despair,—
And cold and dark is all thy way!

And oh! when Mis'ry and Decay,
Shall seize thee for their prey forlorn,
Thy flatt'rers then will turn away,
In terror leave thee!—or in scorn!

And who shall cheer thy closing eye?
And who shall watch thy fainting breath?—
Still wou'd I sooth thy latest sigh,
And nurse thee on the bed of Death!

Tho' cold and cheerless is thy home,
And long, alas! has prov'd to me!
Not much my child wou'd feel the gloom—
A shelter wou'd it prove to thee!—

No keen reproaches shou'dst thou feel —
Thy poignant griefs I wou'd console,
And many a pray'r of heartfelt zeal,
Shou'd sue for mercy to thy soul! —

Oh! through a SAVIOUR's bleeding love,
May Heav'n receive thy contrite pray'r!
And grant a better home Above,
And grant a softer pardon THERE!

THE

HORSE AND THE COLT.

A FABLE.

In times of yore, a sprightly Steed,
Who boasted much his youthful speed,
And scorn'd, with pride, the narrow bound,
Which fix'd him in a sober ground;
Resolv'd to try one bold endeavour,
And make his fortune, now or never!—
Impetuous, ardent, wild and young,
O'er the strict fence he lightly sprung,
And darting to the distant way,
He look'd around him, blithe and gay;

And shook his mane, and prick'd his ears,
Disdaining caution—foes, and fears!
And casting round a pitying eye
On ev'ry post-horse trotting by.—
At length, a calm and quiet beast,
Who neither seem'd to fast nor feast,
Who never went one jot the faster
Than rule prescrib'd him, and his master—
Who waited now, to know his pleasure,
With looks content, and careless leisure,
Bespoke the lively courser gay,
With such respect as Houyhnnhmms* pay.—
"My friend," he cried, "you seem a stranger;
"As night comes on, there may be danger!

* Alluding to SWIFT's whimsical account of a voyage to the Houyhnnhmms.

" There seems a fair and tempting road,
" Where beauteous verdure is bestow'd;
" But there's a Gulph — and tho' they say,
" By some 'tis thought the shortest way,
" Yet pray, my friend, accept advice,
" And take THIS Road, tho' not so nice."

" I thank you, sir," rejoin'd the steed,
" I want no such advice indeed!
" I'm young and strong, and there's an end on't;
" I'll reach the city first, depend on't."

Away he flew — the path was charming;
But soon the danger prov'd alarming:
The slipp'ry bank and muddy soil,
Defied his speed, and all his toil.—

With rage, vexation, and disdain,
He's forc'd to try the road again,
And scarce, with all his pow'r and might,
Cou'd keep his sober friend in sight.
At length poor Dobbin turn'd discreetly,
And saw his triumph now completely! —
" Now own, my friend," he mildly said,
" How youthful ardour turns the head!
" I gave advice — you was my debtor,
" But lik'd your own experience better;
" Had not ambition been your foe,
" You'd gain'd this spot an hour ago!
" The flow'ry meads may charm your view,
" But when a journey you pursue,
" You'll find it wisest — safest — best,
" To bear a bridle like the rest:
" Let temp'rate Patience be your guide,
" 'Tis worth a thousand tricks beside!

" In ev'ry road, to horse tenacious,
" There's mire and clay, and steps vexatious,
" And tho' you scamper not so fast,
" You'll safely reach the END at LAST."

To sprightly Youth that takes its flight,
Ambitious of a noble height,
And scorns the steps of slow Gradation,
Let Patience make the Application.

LINES,

ON AN INSTANCE OF FILIAL ATTENTION, AT CHERTSEY, WHICH OCCURRED IN 1802.

When deep Affliction casts its mournful shade,
Sweet to the soul is filial Duty's aid;
O'er midnight Grief, its soft and soothing ray,
Yields the fair promise of a future day.—
Oh bright Religion! 'tis thy heav'nly pow'r,
Which arms the noble mind in Sorrow's hour;
Though firm, not savage—'tis thy glorious part
To soften, yet sustain, the virtuous heart!
Whilst Heav'n will bless, and Earth commends the tear,
Which flows respectful o'er a Father's bier.

To M. G. LEWIS, Esq.

ON READING HIS TRAGEDY OF ALFONSO.

1803.

SWEET Muse! and hast thou found the honour'd way,
Where holy Truth bestows her golden ray?
Tho' clouds appear, and Terror's dreadful storm
Rends the fair drap'ry from thy beauteous form;
Tho' freezing Sorrow proves thy mournful choice,
Enraptur'd Virtue listens to thy voice.—

Ah! surely, then, she view'd her future care,
When melting Mercy form'd the "Orphan's
"Pray'r,"
And hapless JANE, Misfortune's darling child,
From broken Mem'ry snatch'd her sorrows wild.—
Ne'er let a weed disgrace those precious flow'rs,
Whilst faithful Truth records thy tragic pow'rs.
—Fair filial Duty, with each soften'd grace,
In mild ANGELA's form* we fondly trace,
And deck the shadowy form with pow'rs anew,
Which charm'd to agony her conscious view.
Distracted Guilt, the partner of Despair!
By Horror's torch, beheld the Spectre THERE;
And felt, while Conscience still inflam'd the dart,
The pow'rs of Vengeance at his murd'rous heart!

* ANGELA in the Castle-Spectre.

—ALFONSO! There we view the stately tow'r,
Which nobly stands amid the whirlwind's pow'r!
One luxury still the hapless monarch knows,
A Friend restor'd, amidst a thousand foes!—
In spite of wrongs, the great ORSINO lives,
And where Revenge wou'd strike—his soul forgives.—
Oh! is there one who coldly there can gaze?
I ask not—claim not—wish not for his praise:
I seek not (vain attempt!) the pow'rs of art,
To melt the critic ice that chills his heart.

Oh, LEWIS! still may gen'rous zeal refine,
And Nature's noblest feelings glow in thine!
True mayst thou prove to bright Religion's laws,
And teach ev'n Passion to promote her cause!

SONNET

TO MEEKNESS.

Come gentle Meekness! with thy timid eye,
Thy voice of harmony, thy looks of love!
Thy wings of plumage from the spotless dove,
And mantle blue from the etherial sky!
Thy modest step, soft as the tender foot
Of soothing mercy, when she weeping stands
O'er the pale suff'rer's couch, and wrings her hands,
And forms some pious pray'r his griefs to suit,
Or guards his short repose in anguish mute!—

Come, heav'nly MEEKNESS! with thy smile serene,
Dispel the tumults of the raging breast;
Each savage pow'r shall fly the blessed scene,
Where sweetly calm thy beauteous head shall rest:
Ev'n Christian Hope shall guard the spot divine,
And earth's * fair paradise shall still be thine!

* "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."--- *St. Matthew.*

Wetton and Sons, Printers,
Egham and Chertsey.